50 CENTS
CDC

GOLDWATER and the Nuclear Taboo

SEPTEMBER 22, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

THE RACE ISSUE AND THE CAMPAIGN

A SPECIAL REPORT INCLUDING:

- The power of the Negro minority.
- Backlash in the big states.
- What do we owe the Negro?

Also In This Issue:

TEIXEIRA ON THE MASSACRE IN ANGOLA ♦ RUSSELL KIRK ON MRA ♦ HART ON COZZENS, MOLNAR ON HUXLEY, ELIOT ON MURPHY ♦ MURRAY KEMPTON ON CATHOLICS ♦ & P. BUCKLEY BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOMETHING SPECIAL
INSIDE THIS GARMENT...

Milium®
INSULATED LINING

...the famous insulated lining that keeps the cold weather out

What would you expect...

the end-uses of an amazing product such as **Milium®** Insulated Lining would encompass?

Milium is famous for the warmth-without-weight feature it adds to women's, men's, and children's coats ...raincoats...outerwear.

Do you also know of its excellent performance as a lining for your draperies...where it actually cuts heating and cooling costs? Even the part it plays in keeping campers' sleeping bags cozy?

Milium is a prime example of building new markets... new product benefits...new sales...through science.

A company that believes scientific research is the key to the economic growth for America is Deering Milliken, Inc. 1045 SIXTH AVE., N.Y. 18, N.Y.

America's most extensive textile research and product development organization is the

DEERING MILLIKEN RESEARCH CORPORATION
OF SPARTANBURG, S.C.

®REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEERING MILLIKEN, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer,
William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Martha Butler

ASSOCIATES

M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Arlene Croce

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Colm Brogan,
John Chamberlain, Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport,
A. Derso, Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Finis Farr, Neal Freeman,
J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, James Jackson Kilpatrick,
John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn,
J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Morrie Ryskind, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Howard W. Long Jr.

CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 22, 1964 VOL. XVI, NO. 38

THE WEEK 798

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 794
California Referendum 15 ....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 806
From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 807
Conventional Nuclear Weapons ..*James Burnham* 808
Personal Observations from Abroad
Priscilla L. Buckley 809
The Race Issue and the Campaign 813
Massacre at Quitexe .....*Bernardo Teixeira* 822
Recrudescent Moral Disarmament ....*Russell Kirk* 824
Trans-O-Gram 839
For the Record 840

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

By Ideology Possessed .....*Jeffrey Hart* 825
African Paradox .....*Thomas Molnar* 826
Diplomat and Warrior in Tandem
George Fielding Eliot 827
Issues of Catholic Freedom .....*Murray Kempton*
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 829
Books in Brief 835

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc., at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.).

© National Review, Inc. 1964.

All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

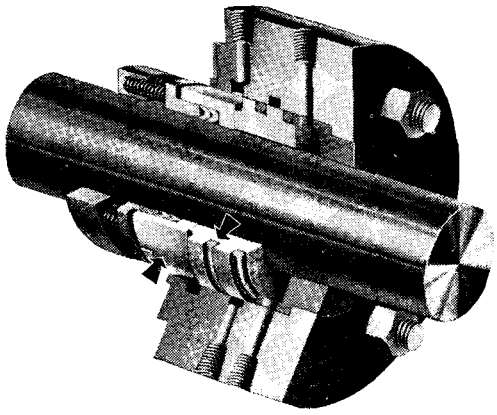
In This Issue . . .

➔ in addition to the important Special Report on "The Race Issue and the Campaign" which we present on page 813, we bring you a report on Terror. In the revolutionary vocabulary it means the deliberate, organized use of violence against selected portions of a society that has been marked out for conquest. A simple thing in the abstract, a terrible one in the flesh. And it is the flesh, and the blood, of terror that **Bernardo Teixeira** recounts in the happenings of March 15, 1961 in the northern Angolan village of Quitexe. It is not pretty; that may be why you have not read it in the *New York Times*. It is, however, real: that is why we must know it, and deal with it, perhaps by other means than free tractors, ice cream factories, and Peace Corps do-goodism. Mr. Teixeira is an American citizen of Portuguese origin, had a novel published in Europe some years ago, and will include this article as a chapter in his forthcoming book, *The Fabric of Terror* (Devin-Adair, next January). . . . For a couple of weeks the Iron Curtain, this summer, trammeled in its folds both the Managing Editor and the Production Editor of *NR*, who both luckily escaped, but not without a bureaucratic terror of sorts, which **Priscilla Buckley**, in describing it here, surmounts with the grace and pleasaunce that are especially hers, and especially instrumental in the slapping, uh, putting together of this magazine.

➔ **James Burnham** exorcises the afrites of the nuclear tabu. Those who expunge every thought that is "nuclear" are no more rational than those who would outlaw hydrochloric acid, which can burn and kill, but which, in sufficient dilution, is a substance the human stomach cannot do without. We need *some* acids, as we need *some* weapons. . . . **Russell Kirk**, having run across the spoor of Moral Rearmament on campus, bays backtrail to its shoddy lair, and warns yet another flock of sheep: Be ye not fleeced by this, be ye not University Buchmanites!

➔ Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** (Eng. Lit.) of Dartmouth lays down the new volume of short stories by novelist James Gould Cozzens and wonders why the Entrenched Critics panned it as they have panned its author. Because, says Prof. Hart, the author deals in *class*: which is something only Jackie Kennedy may presume to sport. . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar**, recently returned from Africa, reviews Elspeth Huxley's "African Notebook," *With Forks and Hope*, finding in it the truth of tribalism, as Mr. Teixeira found elsewhere the truth of terrorism. . . . Maj. **George Fielding Eliot**, on the basis of no mean career of his own, reviews the career of Ambassador Robert Murphy, as set forth in Murphy's autobiography-*cum*-diplomatic-history, and says, for reasons military, diplomatic, historical, and stylistic, it's a must. . . . And there's an argument up: Popes write encyclicals, Prof. Garry Wills defines their authority (*Politics and Catholic Freedom*), Prof. Will Herberg reviews him (*NR*, Aug. 25), *poil de carotte* **Murray Kempton** thereupon takes issue with everyone in sight, and Editor **Wm. Buckley** wraps up the discussion (for the time being) with a gentle tweak whose special *esprit* would be spoiled if we mentioned that it has to do with. . . . ➔

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Kennametal* Seal Rings handle abrasive slurry 7000 hours . . . solve replacement problem

because Kennametal has these unique properties:

Grade	Hardness	Transverse Rupture Strength	Compressive Strength	Impact Resistance	Abrasion Resistance Factor	Corrosion-Wear Factor
	Rockwell "A"	x10³ p.s.i.	x10³ p.s.i.	inches fall	$\frac{1}{\text{Vol. loss}}$	
K601	94.0	100	680	1.0	675	33,750
K701	92.0	150	680	2.0	825	123
K801	89.5	300	610	7.0	110	10
K82	90.0	275	570	11.0	50	—
Cast Alloy (Co-Cr-W)	85.5	65-115 (Tensile)	—	2.0	32	1.1

A large Eastern refinery had trouble with pumps handling a hexane solution of polyisobutylene with aluminum chloride solids. This makes a very abrasive slurry and seals were being replaced almost daily, together with frequent replacement of pump sleeves. A series of tests with seal rings made of a cast alloy of cobalt, chromium, nickel, and tungsten was tried. But these seals failed within several weeks despite the use of a flushing system.

The problem was solved when a Durametallic seal type ROTT was installed with the rotating and stationary rings made of special grades of Kennametal tungsten carbide. This combination had run 5000 hours when the pump was shut down to replace a bearing. The Kennametal seal rings were still in excellent condition and were placed back in service. To date they have been in operation over 7000 hours. The customer was so pleased that an additional 14 seals have been installed on other equipment.

This is typical of the increased efficiency that is often possible when Kennametal replaces other metals in critical structural parts. Because Kennametal hard carbides resist corrosion, abrasion, impact, wear, heat, and deformation, they outlast other metals by ratios as high as 100 to 1. Kennametal is so wear-resistant, it practically eliminates product contamination due to attrition.

For complete information, write for Booklet No. 800, "Properties of Kennametal," or contact your Kennametal Carbide Engineer. KENNAMETAL INC., Department NR, Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

*Registered Trademark

52742

KENNAMETAL Inc.

To the Editor

Better to Die . . .

In the name of a large group of Cuban families in exile here, thank you for Mr. Buckley's excellent report from Atlantic City [Sept. 8] and most of all for his words of sympathy for the world's captive peoples. Nobody but us Cubans (and Hungarians, Poles, Yugoslavians, Vietnamese, East Germans . . .) can know what disappointment, depression, injustice, betrayal, political show and empty promises, mean. My mother died of despair and starvation in Cuba last November. In her last letter she wrote: "It is better to die under bombardment by liberty planes than to live under Communism."

As my father is still in Cuba and my sister has been jailed there twice, please withhold my name.

Flushing, N. Y. NAME WITHHELD

The Silent Treatment

In the "For the Record" section of the September 8 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW you characterized the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party's "sympathizers" as being "lackluster . . . lacked verve, enthusiasm, lungpower." Anyone taking the trouble to talk to one of the leaders of the civil rights group would have surely been told that the demonstration going on outside Convention Hall was a silent vigil. The protest was primarily designed to serve as a sobering reminder to the carefree conventioneers that in Mississippi their Democratic Party sanctions discrimination and lawlessless.

New York, N. Y. PETER OSNOS

Correction

My letter to NATIONAL REVIEW, as published in the September 8 issue, contains a regrettable typographical error, which in effect omits an entire line and utterly distorts the meaning of the passage quoted. I was quoting Thomas Gilby, *Principality and Power: Aquinas and the Rise of State Theory in the West.* The passage, as I wrote it, and as it should read, runs as follows:

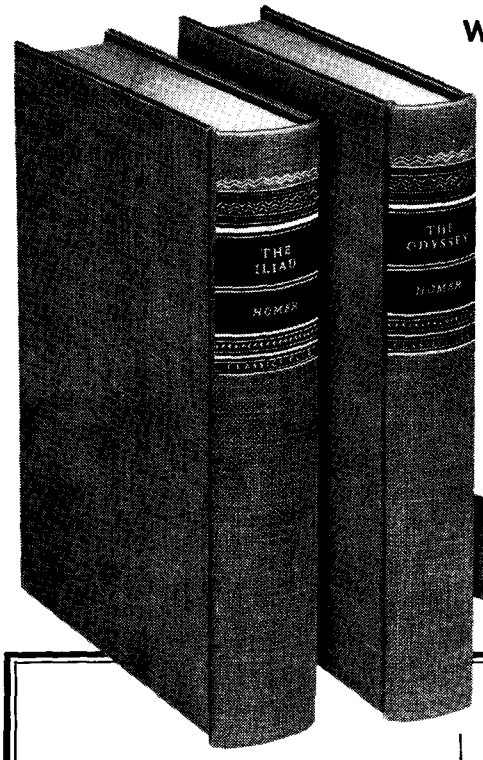
" 'The limits to supreme temporal power appeared from two recognized abuses, of government *contra legem Dei* (against the law of God) and

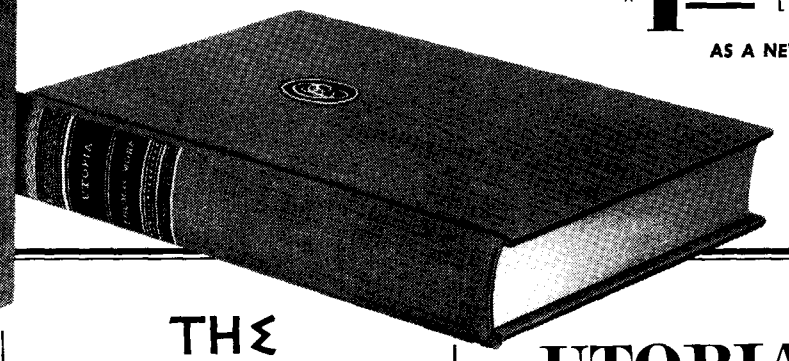
(Continued on p. 837)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

All 3 of these beautiful De Luxe Library Editions





FOR ONLY **$1.00** [REGULAR PRICE $10.17]

AS A NEW MEMBER

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

HERE *is an epic called one of the* six best books ever written — a book so magnificent that Alexander the Great carried it with him into battle in a jewelled casket! When you read this exciting account of the battle for Troy, you'll see why it has stirred the pulses of countless readers for nearly three thousand years!

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

THE *exciting romantic narrative of* the perilous wanderings of Odysseus after the fall of Troy. No hero of fiction has ever surpassed Odysseus for courage, cleverness, and wisdom. As you thrill to his adventures, you will — like millions before you — discover a never-ending fascination in this timeless classic!

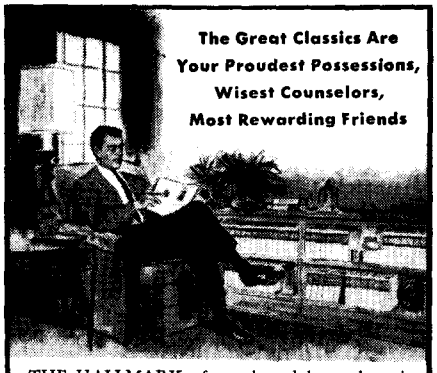
UTOPIA

CAN a society be created in which everyone lives the "good life"? Where laws are few and simple . . . where war does not exist? One by one, Sir Thomas More considers in *Utopia* the social and economic problems that have beset man in all societies, in all ages. You will be amazed at his conclusions and you'll marvel at the brilliance of a man who — four centuries ago — could take such an enlightened view of social progress.

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.



THE HALLMARK of a cultured home has always been its library of books. Books fill gaps in formal education . . . set a person apart as one who has sought and tasted the wisdom of the ages.

For filling leisure hours with sheer enjoyment, nothing can surpass a classic. No one need ever be friendless or dull if he or she chooses for companions the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $7 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Today's low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured indefinitely, so please respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576.

THE CLASSICS CLUB AM
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Please enroll me as a Trial Member, and send me at once the THREE *beautiful Classics Club* editions of THE ILIAD, THE ODYSSEY *and* UTOPIA. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within one week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special new-member introductory price of ONLY $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE superb volumes.

As a member, I am to receive advance descriptions of all future selections, but am not obligated to buy any. For each future volume I decide to keep, I will send you only $3.39 (plus a few cents mailing charges). I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

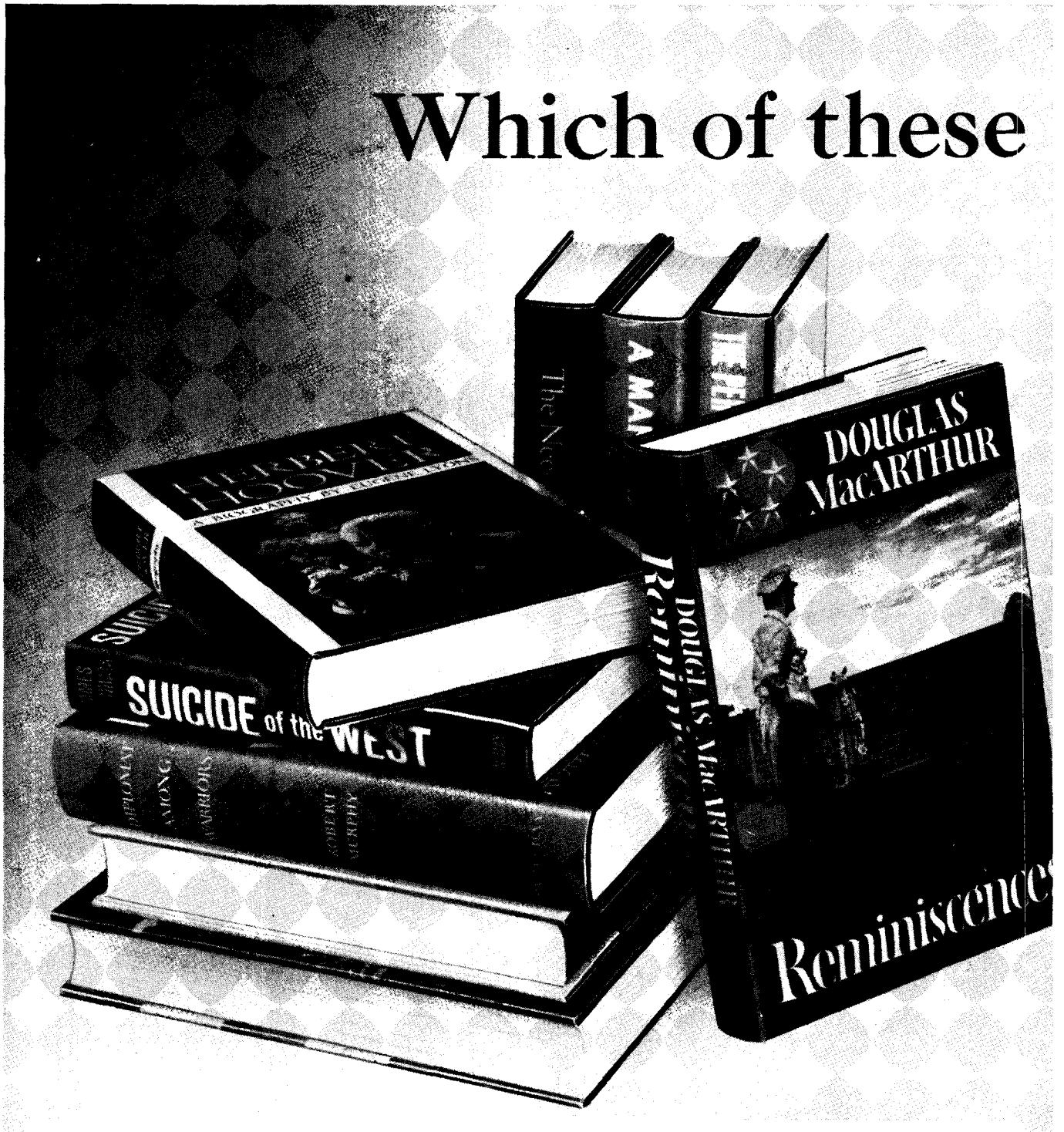
Name . . . . . (Please Print Plainly)

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Zone . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which of these



Among the books that the Conservative Book Club is now offering or will offer soon:

REMINISCENCES, General Douglas MacArthur's forthcoming memoirs, including, in his own words, the agony of the no-win policy on the banks of the Yalu River.

THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY, by Ralph de Toledano. The first book to weave together all the strands of the incredibly complex story of how the secret of the atom bomb was systematically stolen from the U.S., Canada and England despite "impregnable security measures".

WHITE TEACHER IN A BLACK SCHOOL, Robert Kendall's explosive true story of what one man went through in his brave efforts to help Negro school children . . . and the sickening blockade set up by Liberal "progressive educators" which eliminated all possibility of real achievement.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INFLATION . . . Henry Hazlitt, in the same "plain language" style of his *Economics in One Lesson*, rips aside the hypocritical pretensions of Liberal economists.

COLD FRIDAY, forthcoming collection of Whittaker Chambers' unpublished writings.

OTHER BOOKS . . . including **SUICIDE OF THE WEST,** James Burnham's new book . . . **HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION** by Stephen C. Shadegg, Senator Goldwater's former campaign manager . . . **HERBERT HOOVER,** Eugene Lyons' new biography . . . **THE BIG MAN,** Henry J. Taylor's new convention novel . . . **DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS** by Robert Murphy . . . **THE GREAT INTERLUDE** by Francis Russell . . . and many more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservative books do you want at 20% to 50% discount?

AS A MEMBER OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

You may take any of them . . . all of them . . . or *none* of them . . . while you enjoy — *free*, and without any obligation — all privileges of membership in the Conservative Book Club.

RIGHT NOW, as conservatism is again becoming the mainstream of American thought, we invite you to join us in this vital new enterprise, the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB. The purpose of the Club is to make available to you the best in new conservative books plus the cream of the older titles at discounts up to 50% – *without committing yourself to buying any minimum number of books,* without paying dues, without forced obligations of any kind.

You get huge discounts on Club selections and many other conservative books. You may avail yourself of free gift cards and mailing service at cost if ever you wish to send books to friends. Every month you receive–free–CBC's monthly Bulletin which carries news and crisp reports on worthwhile conservative books of today and yesterday – the quick way to keep abreast of the entire field of conservative books with just a few minutes' reading.

Every three or four months members will be offered a Club Omnibus Volume containing up to FOUR COMPLETE BOOKS IN ONE. Bought separately, these books would cost $12 to $18, yet members pay only $4.50 to $4.95!

Covers Whole Range of Conservative Books

You know how difficult it is to find a good selection of *conservative* books in today's bookshops. CBC solves this problem for you – and at great savings. As a member you choose books on politics, Communism, economics, social problems, the Cold War. You are offered absorbing novels and biographies, humor, classics of conservative thought, history, books on education and religion (those that will interest members of all faiths) – in brief, *any* book, old or new, that appeals to the intelligent conservative.

How the Club Works

Each month you receive the Club Bulletin, which reports on the next Club Selection and brings you other interesting news. The Bulletin also recommends other books of merit – all offered at discount. If you want the Selection, do nothing; it will arrive automatically about a month later. If you do not want the Selection (or wish to order an alternate book) you can do so in a few seconds on the handy form always provided. (When a monthly Selection seems likely to appeal to some members but not others, we mention that fact in Bulletin.)

Come join us. Use the coupon on this page. There are no charges, no commitments, no obligations; you need *never* take a Club Selection and you are free to resign any time. Mail your enrollment now.

SPONSORS

OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

Rep. John M. Ashbrook
Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.
James Burnham
John Chamberlain
Gen. Mark W. Clark, USA, Ret.
Sen. Carl Curtis
John Dos Passos
Sen. Barry Goldwater
Dr. Ernest van den Haag
Henry Hazlitt
Dr. Will Herberg
Dr. Howard E. Kershner
James Jackson Kilpatrick
Dr. Russell Kirk
Irene Corbally Kuhn
Victor Lasky
Rev. Charles Wesley Lowry, D.D.
Sir Arnold Lunn
Frank S. Meyer
Dr. Thomas Molnar
Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer
Rev. Stanley Parry, C.S.C.
Dr. Stefan Possony
Adm. Arthur W. Radford, USN, Ret.
Rabbi Benjamin Schultz
Ralph de Toledano
Sen. John G. Tower
James L. Wick
Dr. Garry Wills

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB NR-6

542 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York

Please enroll me as a Charter Member of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections and other recommended books at discounts of 20% to 50% plus shipping. As a member I am eligible to participate in all sales, and you will provide free gift card service if ever I ask you to mail a Club book to a friend; you charge only the Club discount price plus shipping.

Each month you will send me free the Club Bulletin describing Selections and other recommended books, any of which I may reject on the handy form provided. If I accept a Selection, I need do nothing; it will come automatically. I am not obliged to take any minimum number of Selections; in fact, I need never buy a book from the Club and I am free to resign at any time.

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City/Zone ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● LBJ, Sept. 8, Detroit: "Our future is almost upon us." *NR,* Sept. 9, New York: "Duck!"

● The regrets are outnumbering the acceptances to Comrade Khrushchev's December Hate Mao Ball, and we think we know the reason why. It's that the old-time Kremlin welcome can be a bit too much, as the late Maurice Thorez, the late Palmiro Togliatti, and the late Elizabeth Gurley Flynn all found out during their Russian visits this summer.

● According to the *New York Herald Tribune,* September 8, "the Pentagon" had the day before made its seventh public attack on a statement by Barry Goldwater. It still lags well behind "the State Department" and "the White House," which blast a Goldwater remark every day or two. It used to be that candidates for the United States Presidency ran against each other, supported by their respective parties, and disputing as individual citizens with other individuals.

● Eduardo Frei Montalva, President-elect of Chile, is precisely the kind of Latin American leader John F. Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin had in mind when they set up the Alliance for Progress: a leftist social reformer, but not a confirmed Marxist. Dr. Frei's unexpectedly large victory over Salvador Allende, who headed a far-left-to-Communist coalition, has consequently been hailed as the event that will rekindle the Alliance for Progress and get South America moving again in the right (that is to say, left) direction. How fast and how far Frei will go in the matter of re-establishing diplomatic relations with the Communist world, or in pressing the OAS to reconsider its anti-Castro stance, or in moving in on U.S. copper interests, is not yet clear. But we will wager he will move more slowly and cautiously today, knowing that the tough-minded Thomas Mann heads the Latin American division of the State Department, than he would have in the good old days of Schlesinger, Goodwin & Co.

● A whimsical correspondent has written to say that in a rationally planned society all golfers who shoot below par would be required to take on strokes from those who shoot over par, until things have evened out, and all golfers are equal. The average score, then, would be some distance away from par, but the gentleman says that would be par for the course in a rationally planned society.

● Periodically, over their TV screens, American viewers get a look at what is going on in Communist China. They will, for instance, see the capture of Chiang Kai-shek commandos, or lines of peasants busily at work, or a memorial meeting for a Chinese diplomat killed in a U.S. raid in China. The accompanying script is invariably pro-Red Chinese, which is not all that extraordinary when you consider where these newsreel driblets come from. Made in Communist China, they are distributed to the United States, at the rate of from ten to fifteen newsreels a month, by the British Commonwealth International Newsfilm Agency (BCINA) through both NBC and independent U.S. TV stations. Which raises certain questions: Has BCINA registered as an agent of the Peking government (certainly its releases are not labeled as made in Peking)? And who is subsidizing the cost and handling of the production of these psywar operations?

● Soapy Williams, DepUnSecState for African Affairs, laid down his burdens as Resident Tranquilizer of a Continent in Ferment and took a trip overseas, to Atlantic City, in the U.S., where the Democratic Convention appeared to be threatened by the awful forces of tranquility. Soapy helped to yeast up what ferment there was by engineering the "underground railroad" that smuggled Mississippi Uhuru Democrats into the Johnson Convention. And so back to Africa, Continent in Ferment.

● Senator John J. Williams of Delaware has reblown the lid off the Bobby Baker affair by turning up a check which, says the Senator, involves a $35,000 overpayment by Washington contractor Matt McCloskey, former Democratic Finance Chairman, $25,000 of which may have passed through Bobby Baker's hands on its way to the 1960 Democratic campaign chest—all of which was not only illegal, but (if allowed to pass) tax-deductible. President Johnson has asked the FBI to investigate, but, as all good Liberals know, the FBI doesn't publish its reports. So a parallel investigation will go forward on Capitol Hill, carefully, we hope, but noisily enough to keep reminding us that all the aroma of the White House rose gardens hasn't been able to overpower the smell of scandal in the personal lives and fortunes of Lyndon Johnson and his protégé, Bobby Baker.

● Scherzo Impromptu on the theme of the absence of a critical press; *vivace*: Detroit, Sept. 8, API. An aide to President Johnson today explained what the President meant when he remarked, speaking of his boyhood meditations and how they shaped his mind, "When I was young, I often walked out after supper and looked up at the Texas-scattered sky." "Texas-scattered," the aide said, was merely artistic phrasing,

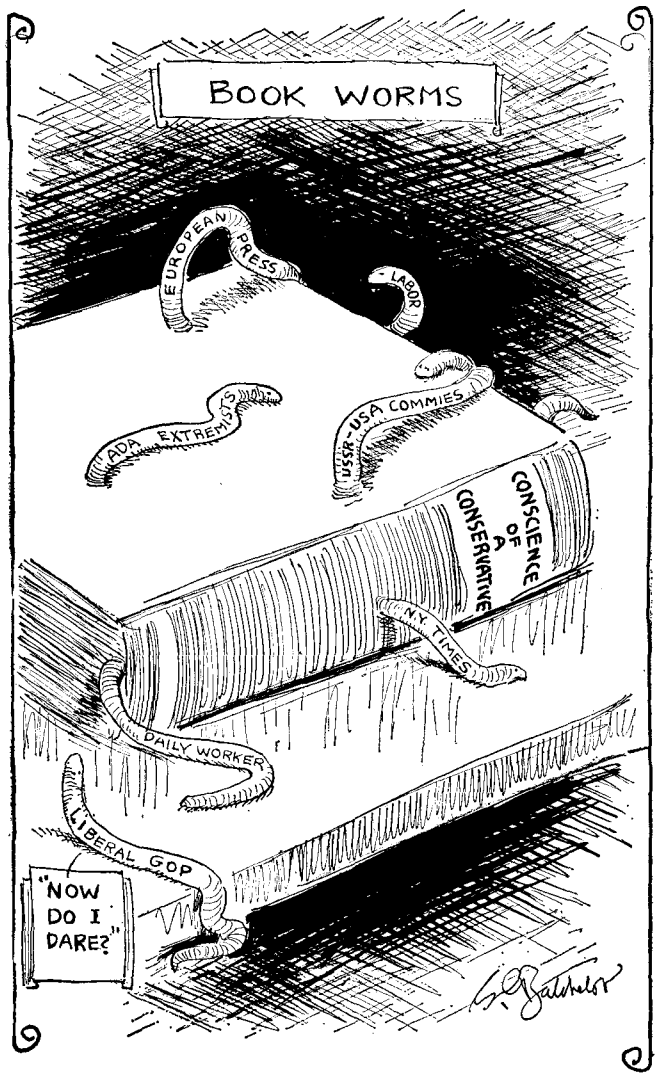
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and not the President's assessment of his mental capacities. The clarification was released following questions by reporters.

● The world unfailingly frets about trifles, like H-bombs, when bigger things are afoot. For instance Hubert Horatio Humphrey—the ultimate politician—was afoot last week at the LBJ ranch and stepped in a cowpie. Slight though the contact, it was enough to cause like substance to reach critical mass, triggering the dread "M" (for Merdeka) Device, splattering pie all over the sky, and plunging an unheeding world into the Age of the Harrumph. Worse to tell, LBJ, with plenty of stock producing piles, has stockpiled enough chips to fuel Hubert for an unlimited number of M-shots. Hit the dirt!

● What History Might Have Been Department, Undelivered Letters Division (the letter herebelow excerpted, to a "Mr. P. Henry" of Virginia from "Lyndon B. Washington"—later the first President—has just been delivered by the dead letter office, some 188 years late). "Modern weapons [the letter reads] are not like any other. In the first cannonade, 100 colonists and more than 100 British would all be dead. And when it was over, our fields would be barren and our industry would be destroyed. . . . Make no mistake. There is no such thing as conventional gunpowder!"

● Italian-descended Democrats are insulted that the Liberals always compare Goldwater with Hitler or Stalin. What's wrong with Mussolini?



The Tonkin Gulf Mystery

No official answer has yet been given to the question widely raised after the Tonkin Gulf incident: *Why* did North Vietnam PT boats attack the U.S. destroyers? In the weeks that have followed, a second mystery comes into focus: How did an affair of such magnitude apparently evaporate, without leading to any noticeable consequences on one side or the other?

The August 14 issue of *Peking Review*, an official publication of the Chinese Communist government, raises further mysterious points in the course of several fiercely anti-American articles on the Tonkin affair. Peking declares that the reported PT boat attack on the destroyers is and must be a fraud:

"According to the 'chronology,' at 7:40 p.m. local time, U.S. warships encountered these 'surface vessels' and at 9:52 an 'engagement' took place. Fierce fighting continued for more than three hours and lasted till 1:30 on August 5. The whole process lasted for nearly six hours. This was truly a sea battle of considerable scale. But anybody with a little knowledge of military science knows that torpedo boats have high speed and short range and are fit for short distance surprise attack and hit-and-run tactics. How could they be engaged in fierce fighting with powerful U.S. destroyers for three hours on high seas more than sixty nautical miles off the coast?

"Secondly, if these vessels were, as alleged by Johnson, 'hostile vessels of the Government of North Vietnam,' which made 'deliberate, willful and systematic attack on U.S. vessels,' why didn't they start the attack immediately after spotting the U.S. vessels, instead of paralleling the tracks of U.S. vessels, until 9:52, that is, more than two hours after U.S. vessels spotted them, got everything ready, and even had time to call in an escort of aircraft?"

The fact that Communists say something is in itself a fairly good reason for doubting it. Still, about the only thing sure concerning the Tonkin affair is that it enabled the President to stiffen the domestic image of his backbone, to make a dramatic TV appearance at prime time, and to get an overwhelming blank check vote from Congress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Voices of Moderation

Andrew Hacker: "Senator Goldwater will do his best to excite Americans over the immediate need to combat world Communism with a toughness that has so far been avoided. . . . The issue will verge on the need for preventive war."

Sen. J. William Fulbright: "Goldwater Republicanism is the closest thing in American politics to an equivalent of Russian Stalinism." "[William Miller] was chosen for the job of hatchet man . . . because he is capable of the most foul-mouthed vituperation and unrestrained misrepresentation of any man in politics."

Roy Wilkins: Goldwater's election would bring a "police state."

George Meany (N.Y. Herald Tribune report): "MEANY'S PARALLEL—GOLDWATER AND HITLER. A 'parallel' between Sen. Barry M. Goldwater and Adolf Hitler was charged last night by George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, who charged that the Republican Presidential candidate was 'liable to drag us into nuclear war' and would bring about a 'super society dominated by big business.'"

N.Y. Liberal Party Platform: "[We condemn Goldwater] and his extremist allies in the John Birch Society, the Ku Klux Klan and other hate groups."

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn (recently deceased chairman of the U. S. Communist Party): "Our Party is mustering its forces and all people under its influence to defeat Goldwater."

Thich Tri Quang Gets Ready

If General Maxwell Taylor, on his trip last week from his Saigon post to Washington, was willing to tell the truth, and his commander to listen, he reported in substance as follows:

1) No genuine government any longer exists in South Vietnam. The country is in what the eighteenth-century political writers called "a state of anarchy."

2) The assassination of Diem and Nhu, the smashing of Nhu's internal security organization, the military and political successes of the Vietcong, the persecution of the Catholics and the vacillations of the United States have shattered the social base for an anti-Communist civilian government.

3) Reconstruction of the base for an anti-Communist government could be accomplished only after a considerable period under a firm, authoritative military government—*i.e.*, a military dictatorship.

4) United States policy as well as the internal disintegration of the South Vietnamese military leaves virtually no possibility of an effective military dictatorship.

5) The militant Buddhist movement is heavily infiltrated by Communists and in any case in favor of ending the war. The Buddhist activists and concealed Communists are ousting, terrorizing or killing anti-Communist officials and officers.

6) The projected "national congress," sanctioned by Washington, will be dominated by neutralist, pro-Communist and Communist elements, will call for peace and neutralization, and will probably proclaim some sort of united front government. In reality this will represent a key stage in the Communist takeover.

7) Thich Tri Quang, the Buddhist leader who will probably emerge as top man, trained in subversion by the North Vietnamese Vietminh, is a South Vietnamese Castro or Archbishop Makarios.

We assume that General Taylor will be discreet enough not to add that it was on orders from Washington that Ambassador Lodge gave Thich Tri Quang asylum in the United States embassy when, last October, Diem was about to arrest him.

The Man in Grey Flannel Levis

If the announcement had been that Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes had formed a Businessmen's Committee for Johnson, everyone would have understood. But this was different: four dozen executives from companies like Curtiss-Wright, Litton Industries, American President Lines, Bulova Watch, Western Pacific, Tennessee Gas Transmission. . . .

"The eastern financiers," says French reporter Michel Beauchaine in the August issue of *Spectacle du Monde,* "are afraid of the prospect of a Goldwater Administration."

Despite the publicity given to this Henry Ford II operation, there will be no trooping of businessmen by the hundred thousand to the Johnson colors. There will be some, however, and it's worth mentioning their reasons.

Beauchaine hints at a major one: businessmen (as Tocqueville said) may be as aggressive as cheetahs in the boardroom, but when it comes to politics, which amounts to questioning the general framework within which they manage to survive, they prefer as little change as possible. Some will be, as Beauchaine says, "afraid" of a Goldwater Administration, not because they know what Goldwater will do, but because they think they know more or less what Johnson will do or can be got to do, and they prefer accurate forecasts, even more than they desire to hope for betterment. And a close inspection of the occupations these businessmen are in will reveal one reason why they are so interested

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The First ADA President?

During the many weeks he spent on the question of the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, President Johnson made clear his conviction that he was choosing not only his running mate but his successor. Mr. Johnson knows that his own life may be cut short at any time by a new heart attack, an airplane or auto accident or a bullet, in which event the Vice President will automatically move into the Presidential office. He knows also that if the Democrats win this 1964 election, the Vice President will be their almost certain choice for successor candidate, even if he himself lives out his term. Basically, therefore, Senator Humphrey must be judged not as a possible Vice President but as a proposed President of the United States.

The organization called "Americans for Democratic Action" was launched at a public dinner held in New York on January 4, 1947. One member of the small group that was responsible for its formation was Hubert Horatio Humphrey. He became a member of its Board of Directors, and has continued on the Board ever since. He was at one time ADA's Chairman, and has since been, and still is today, one of its Vice Chairmen. He has been a featured speaker at most of its annual conventions, and a contributor to its publications.

We are therefore able to find out what policies Senator Humphrey stands for and fights for by consulting the platform and official literature of ADA —the political organization with which he has identified himself over a period of seventeen years. Anyone who wishes may find out for himself about ADA policies by looking up the issues of their official organ, *ADA World*, by reading their official history, written by ADA member Clifton Brock, and checking the articles and speeches by ADA officials.

We give here a few samples:

"Housing goals must be set by the Federal Government."

"The establishment of a world government with powers adequate to prevent war must be an objective of the United States foreign policy to be achieved at the earliest possible date."

"Support of the principles of the UN is the cornerstone of our foreign policy."

"We firmly believe in the urgent need for breaking out of the vicious circle of mutual distrust between ourselves and Russia. We favor a policy based on an understanding of the legitimate aspirations of the Soviet Union."

We favor "general and complete disarmament [except for a UN armed force, and] unilateral U.S. initiatives [to that end]."

"Castro's hold in Cuba comes from what he has done for his people, not what he has done for the Russians." And at the outset of the Kennedy Administration: "The provocative and ineffective embargo of Cuba, imposed largely in the interest of the Nixon campaign, should be suspended. . . . Action by the United States to intervene militarily or to support military invasion by Cuban exiles or by others . . . would be not only wrong but self-defeating . . . [This is] no time to take unilateral sanctions against Cuba."

(By Senator Humphrey, writing in the *Progressive*, as ADA Chairman): "The United States should stand ready to turn over its stockpile of destruction [*i.e.*, nuclear weapons] to the UN as part of an international agreement for a police force to maintain world peace." (It's *one* way, at any rate, to keep Goldwater's hand off the trigger.)

On June 20, 1957 Senator Humphrey rose on the floor of the Senate to make entirely clear his relation to ADA: "So far as ADA is concerned, I, too, am one of its officers. I think it is no secret that on occasion this great organization has seen fit to chastise me, and perhaps properly so. Perhaps I did not understand why at the moment, but their judgment was undoubtedly better than mine."

in knowing what the White House is doing, because they are, by and large, dependent on federal contracts (Litton), federal subsidy (American President Lines), federal regulation (Western Pacific), federal protection (Bulova). Do not think that Mr. Johnson has forgotten how to smile to his fellow tycoons, and purr that he "understands their problems."

Goldwater understands their problems, too, even to the point of announcing that the overweening Federal Government is one of their worst problems. Rather than whispering a promise of special favor in Washington, Goldwater would try to make special favors obsolete, by reducing the Federal Government's capacity to intervene. Eight years of *that* kind of favorable treatment, and American business might be unrecognizably improved. But (and here's the second point) businessmen have to write their annual reports each year, not every eight years; and if they haven't got something to show for their hawking in the Presidential bazaar, the Wilma Sosses will have their scalp.

Finally, it's about as startling to say that sixteen schoolmarms reject the Beatles as that sixty East Coast Liberals go tagging after the man in the grey flannel levis. You don't start a groundswell in a brass spittoon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson in a Gallup

That's what the polls predict. Public polls, private polls, Democrat or Republican polls, they all say Johnson has the labor vote, the business vote, women, children, the living, the dead, Ava Gardner, the South, Henry Ford, the North, Khrushchev, all 57 states, Leavenworth, the bobbybaker vote, the Juilliard School of Music. . . . Indeed, the entire Universe is for Johnson, with the exception of Goldwater and Miller, and possibly God, Who may be among the Undecided.

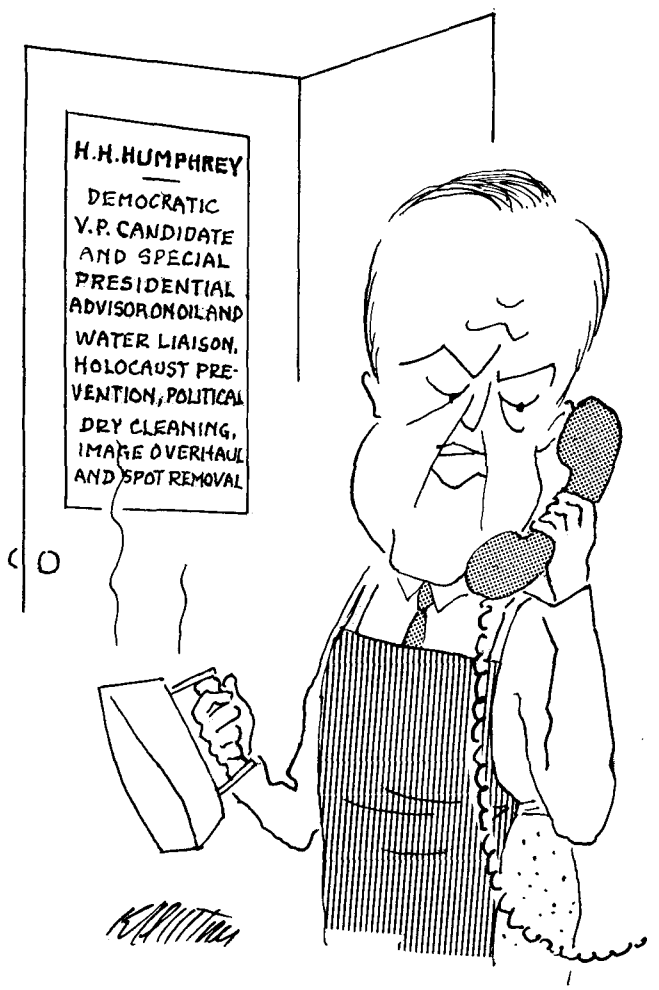
Was ist los? Does His Raunchiness really command the allegiance of 70 or 75 per cent of American voters? If the polls are wrong, in degree if not direction, wronger even than they were throughout the primary campaigns, how so?

1) Some thirty million Americans of voting age stayed away from the voting booth in 1960. No one knows how many of them will be drawn in 1964 by the prospect of casting a significant vote between genuinely opposing views of government. No one knows, though conservatives are wont to guess, how many of the old abstainers will turn out to be Goldwater voters.

2) The anti-Goldwater propaganda of the communication networks may have backfired. Incalculable quantities of newsprint and air time have been devoted to emphasizing that Goldwater and his supporters are half-mad racist fascists. The subliminal meaning of an apparently neutral question in an opinion survey, then, is this: "Tell me, Mrs. Housewife, are you a half-mad racist fascist?" She certainly is not! Chalk up another voter for Johnson. . .?

3) Most importantly, there may be a shift in the political stratifications used by survey experts. A sample survey is based on certain assumptions, the chief of which is that certain strata act *en masse*. But the Goldwater candidacy may be cutting across party lines, economic boundaries, racial predispositions, age groups, educational categories, in such a way that the established categorizations of the population, under which the opinions of a sampling are magnified into projections of the whole, are no longer entirely valid. It is obvious that the error would have been smaller during the primaries, if this is what is happening, because the reconstitution of political categories could not be completed until Goldwater indeed became the Republican nominee. But the error in some cases approached ten percentage points during the primaries. Could it be as high as 25 percentage points now?

It seems, then, that a reasonable interpretation of these fantastic polls would be as follows: Johnson is ahead at the moment, by an unknown margin which is nevertheless presumed to be considerably less than the poll-indicated landslide, and by mid-November every pollster will be hard at work, constructing a new set of population categories, in the hope of reducing his future errors.


H.H.HUMPHREY
DEMOCRATIC V.P. CANDIDATE AND SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL ADVISORONOILAND WATER LIAISON, HOLOCAUST PREVENTION, POLITICAL DRY CLEANING, IMAGE OVERHAUL AND SPOT REMOVAL

"No, I did not say I was being out-foxed by the 18th Century! I said 'Barry ought to be with 18th Century-Fox.' No, we do not say, 'Light fingers fear happy triggers'! We say, 'Barry is trigger-happy.' I think you're just pretending to be confused! Say, who is this?"

Shooting from the Lip

Representative Wright Patman (Dem., LBJ), chairman of the House Small Business Committee, has just given a public performance staggering in its irresponsibility. Apparently piqued by what he felt to be a runaround from the Treasury in connection with his committee's enquiry into tax-exempt foundations (see Cato), Mr. Patman told the press and the world that the J. M. Kaplan Fund, Inc. had been used as a conduit for CIA money. It is impossible to understand what President Johnson's fellow-Texan friend and colleague wished to accomplish by such a disclosure. To blow one of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Last April or so, His Majesty Lyndon (Great Society) Johnson appointed a quiet little committee of draft codgers to study the military draft and come up with a proposal to abolish it. The courtiers faithfully carried out H.M.'s orders, and the great, wise, compassionate pronouncement was scheduled to be released, in the Rose Garden of the palace, exactly two weeks before election time. But lo! while the King was in his counting house, counting down his money from $14 million to a miserly $4 million, one of those blackbirds scooted over to Goldwater headquarters with a piece of H.M.'s pie in the sky. So Goldwater promptly proposed that the compulsory draft be abolished (an idea at least ten years old, and viewed favorably even then by professional soldiers). H.M. was furious. If he couldn't have his pie in his own personal sky, he'd have none of it. Abolish the draft? "Irresponsible!" screamed the King.

◆ And besides, who ever heard of a warmonger wanting to abolish the draft?

◆ Although the Establishment is all sweaty trying to prove that there isn't a backlash, or that if there is, it won't have any effect on the November election, the reality may be discovered not in the official think-pieces of the press wizards but in the political action of the candidates. Senator Kenneth Keating, a sort of Republican Javits, having taken a look at the school problem in New York City, announced that he was opposed, tooth and hedge clause, to the forcible shifting of school children too far from home to get into an integrated school. Robert Kennedy, the Democratic senatorial candidate, opposing Keating in New York, said that he, too, was opposed to, hedge clause, blah-blah, which amounted to the same thing. The message is profoundly clear: a certified Liberal, with a certified Civil Rights record, running in New York State, is compelled, in 1964, to retreat from the logical extreme of his position, and to sanction, in some fashion, the institution of neighborhood schools, even when that must involve *de facto* racial segregation. If the pressure was high enough to move Kennedy and Keating, you can be sure it will be a general factor in the election.

◆ The Kennedy-Keating race in New York is probably the second most important political race in the country. Kennedy has been drawing astonishingly large crowds during his progress through the state, and certified Liberals (such as Robert Spivack; the *New York Times*) have correctly described the nature of the choice: a vote for Kennedy is a repudiation of Liberal Republicanism. Consequently, a considerable movement is afoot to urge Liberal Democrats and Liberal Republicans to work like mad for Kenneth Keating, and in spite of the Kennedy fanfare, many professionals believe Keating may win—by a slim margin.

◆ The Conservative Party's senatorial candidate, Prof. Henry Paolucci, seems to have made a good impression. The *Daily News* poll being taken (informally, unscientifically) at the World's Fair shows the politically unknown Paolucci, running on a minor party ticket, getting slightly more than 9 per cent of the total vote.

---

covers for the nation's intelligence operations cannot possibly help anyone except the nation's enemies. The waves from Mr. Patman's explosive blabbing do damage much beyond whatever specific action the Kaplan Fund may have been used for. It throws suspicion on this Fund's other grants, and on the doings of other foundations. By exposing them to enemy view, it probably jeopardizes or wrecks long-term projects—repair of which will be, incidentally, very expensive. It furnishes the Communists with rich fodder for counter-intelligence, anti-American propaganda, and blackmail.

Naturally it is necessary for CIA, like every other intelligence organization since the world began, to make use of institutional disguises for its secret operations, and a foundation might in some case be the most suitable. If a CIA employee had done what Representative Patman did, he would be subject to a twenty-year jail sentence; to being executed, if it were wartime. But as we know from a sufficiency of precedents, no harm ever comes to Texans who go all the way with LBJ. This latest incident again makes one wonder whether a serious intelligence organization can exist in this country. Most certainly it cannot under the regime of the Johnsonian Great Society.

Medicaricature

The Senate has now passed a large dose of socialized medicine, or "Medicare," under socialized insurance, or "social security," in the Gore-Anderson Bill. Resistance to the measure in the House apparently precludes passage of the Senate version, and has persuaded the Administration to seek the best—that is, most socialistic—compromise it can get from a joint House-Senate committee. A complex maneuver to shuttle the bill from the Senate to the joint committee through the House Rules Committee has been delayed by the Liberal Democrat "baby filibuster" against the Dirksen (state apportionment) Amendment, but the Administration will probably wring some concessions from the House in plenty of time to campaign with.

What Sugar Daddy won't tell you, is the enormous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

INSIDE JOHN V. LINDSAY
by Robert G. Smith

SOVIET CRACKDOWN ON RELIGION
by Josef Panowski

cost of the Gore-Anderson Bill, in terms of freedom as well as money. By the government's own figures —notoriously low as a rule, and especially so in this case—the social security tax rate would have to rise to more than 10 per cent, and the tax base from the first $4,800 of income to the first $5,600 (no deductions, of course, nor is the tax deductible from federal income tax). Thus the average breadwinner would pay some $280 yearly (and his employer another $280)—a figure which would, in many families, exceed the income tax bite. This increase in social security taxes would easily soak up the few extra dollars weekly Sugar Daddy slipped into pay envelopes last winter by the tax cut. Most dispiriting of all (if one doesn't care that the SS tax is regressive—"soak the poor"—and that the tax by the nature of the program must be steadily raised in the years ahead) is that the same dollars, invested privately, would yield a truly handsome nest egg at retirement age ($30,000 or more), instead of merely a limited claim to government medical charity.

All Quiet on Channel 7

With the Medicare proposal in the wind again, the American Medical Association, checkbook in hand, approached the television networks to buy time in one-minute chunks to broadcast pretaped messages taking a contrary position. The networks refused, saying that a one-minute spot isn't enough when the subject is, quote, controversial.

The same day, at an evening station break on Channel 7, a one-minute Paid Political Announcement was flashed on the screen showing a cute little girl, aged about three, in a lovely field of flowers, counting the petals on a daisy in a fetchingly imaginative sub-kindergarten arithmetic ("1, 3, 7, 12 . . ."), and being interrupted by a stentorian male voice counting down, "TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX", etc., until the girl and the daisy and the field were obliterated in a deafening and indeed an atomic explosion, after which the calm and reasonable voice of one Lyndon Johnson intoned: "Only a responsible hand should be on the trigger" (or words to that effect).

Not bad for a minute's politicking on Channel 7, and the families of America must be grateful that they have been spared the slightest hint of controversy.

Room at the Top

Once upon a time there was a young man who wanted very much to be President of the United States. Although a famous columnist whose initials are James Reston called him "driven," all the young man's friends preferred to describe his ambition as public-spirited.

He loved contests. As one of nine children, he was determined to beat his mother's record with ten of his own. (Luckily, his wife loved to win, too.) But beating Mom came second. What he *really* wanted was a home at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

So, when the bad old President put the kibosh on the inside track, he started to roll. He got an old pal to run in California. He pushed a brother-in-law to make the race in Illinois. And he got the OK to sell carpetbags in the State of New York for himself.

Were the people unhappy? No siree: they loved it. They said, issues, smissues, what we like is glamor! And before you could say Roger Blough's a shmoo, the young man and all his in-laws and out-laws were elected to the United States Senate.

MORAL: *As Mrs. Luce says, what the Kennedys want, the Kennedys tend to get.*

W. H. VON DREELE

Uomo Nostro

There's something about a conservative. Henry Paolucci, nominated for the Senate by the Conservative Party of New York, confidently expects to lose, yet within one short week of having declared himself he had done more to freshen the stale air of New York politics than anyone might have expected of even so refreshing a person as he.

To begin with, Professor Paolucci is not your routine kind of candidate, but a man of parts. An associate professor of political science and history at Iona College in New Rochelle, he is a professional scholar, a translator, a classicist, a biographer (Galileo), a sometime contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW ("The Testament of Vanzetti," January 14, 1961), and a composer. Plainly a virtuoso, he has written music to fit the purposes of both Pirandello and Jimmy Durante. During the first week of the campaign, while Robert Kennedy worked the beaches and Kenneth Keating the Catskills, Paolucci could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU BET THEY ARE . . . for Liberalism remains the dominant influence on the American campus.

That is why *National Review* means so much to students. Inside and out of the classroom, *National Review* restores the balanced view—gives the other side—provides ideas worth *thinking* about.

Thousands of students have already taken advantage of our special Academic Year rate: only $3.98 for every issue of the magazine in the school year. Many parents and friends of students are sending them *National Review*—which they can do, at the same low rate.*

If you are a student, or if you know students who should be reading *National Review,* don't delay: send in your order *now.*

Could there be a better time for students to read *National Review?* During this school year, we'll bring to students the reports and news they *can't get elsewhere*—about the election, the new Congress, and—inevitably—the new political balance in America, *plus* in-depth coverage of the vital first months of the new administration. All this at a bargain rate! Won't you use the card facing this page today? It brings you *National Review* for just *about 11¢ a week!*

ARE STUDENTS GETTING A DISTORTED VIEW OF

POLITICS TODAY?

***If you don't personally know students who would like National Review, we do. In addition to a list of over 1,000 students who would appreciate but cannot afford the magazine, there are also more than 1,000 editors of college newspapers who would make perfect (and influential!) recipients for gift subscriptions. Won't you make it possible for one or more of them to receive National Review this year? If you wish, we will send a handsome gift card in your name, and bill you later at the special $3.89 rate. Just write "student" or "editor" on the space for the student's name, and we will do the rest.**

NATIONAL REVIEW

150 East 35th Street • New York 16, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be found rehearsing his latest score for its world première at the Spa Music Theater, Saratoga Springs. *And why not?* as La Guardia would have said. "Music tunes the heart," says Paolucci. "I agree with Aristotle that it is the foundation of a well-ordered life."

As with music, so with politics. Those who have heard him *fortissimo* will attest to his rhetorical skills, his fluency and zest in debate. Conservatism, the politics of harmony, finds in him an able advocate and an exemplar. We salute him as he begins a campaign launched in the cause, in the spirit, and in the image, of the whole man.

On the Right

California Referendum 15

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

November 3 draws near and partisans from both political camps have been heard from loud, and in some cases, clear. But there are other things that will be decided on November 3 than who is to be the next President, and foremost among them, in my opinion, is the so-called Referendum 15 in California, which I view as a historical struggle the consequences of which will greatly affect the future of this country, political, economic, cultural, and educational. That is a portentous sentence, but I so wrote it intentionally because the movement by a bloc in California to outlaw pay-TV is exactly that, an epochal attempt to stop progress, interfere with the First Amendment, secure monopolies, and abort the most encouraging cultural exploitation of the photo-electric formulas Einstein thought through years and years ago, making television possible.

Buckley

The bare facts are these: a syndicate headed by Sylvester Weaver, an enormously able and attractive man who had been head of the National Broadcasting Company, has raised $25 million to bring pay-TV to subscribers' houses in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas. The programs are piped in by cable—not through the airwaves—so that the Federal Communications Commission is, happily, not involved. So much so good—one wonders, whose business is the future of the enterprise, other than that of those who furnish the programs, and those who buy them?

Incredibly, a motley group in California, financed mostly by the movie theaters and backed by commercial television stations, has bamboozled a gaggle of undisciplined, social-minded exhibitionists who got into the act and started the "California Crusade for Free TV." The objective of this extraordinary group of licentious busybodies is, incredibly, half-achieved. The committee amassed a half-million signatures, enough to require a referendum on November 3, proposing the prohibition of pay-TV in the state. Such an appalling interference with the processes of human freedom is staggering, and shows how far we have traveled into ignorance of the constituent factors of freedom and progress. There would appear to be very little doubt that if Referendum 15 is carried, the Supreme Court of the United States will eventually void it, on the grounds that to interfere with the right of a man to sell programs on television is akin to abridging the freedom of the press. Whether a lower court would grant injunctive relief to the entrepreneurs, pending a final decision from the Supreme Court, one cannot guess. If not, the syndicate might very well go broke in California, as their capital equipment rusted away and revenues froze. Or, as Mr. Weaver has told me, the enterprise might simply pull up stakes and move to other metropolises, in climates of greater political sanity, pending the return of reason to California.

Here, I suggest, is a cause for men of diverse political faiths. It is a cause about which one can be especially fervent because we have here a political problem interfering with a cultural and an educational idea. Everyone who believes in the free enterprise system must believe in the right of Sylvester Weaver—or of yourself, or even of myself—making any kind of a deal he wants to with individual citizens, to bring programs to their houses. Those who believe in thorough state socialism should not countenance private ownership of television of any sort, presumably, and should resist giving aid and comfort to a group of people whose political opposition is motivated exclusively by private interest (note that the movie theaters have never presented a referendum to outlaw pay-TV brought in through movie houses). And off at the end of the political fight there are golden possibilities for audio-visual entertainment and education, suited to the individual taste. During the first week of Subscription Television, a viewer could see a Broadway play by Alan Paton, see Nureyev and Fonteyn in the Royal Ballet, catch the act at The Upstairs at the Downstairs, hear Isaac Stern, Eugene Istomin and Leonard Rose play Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert, see Sir Laurence Olivier in a production of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* or José Ferrer present a group of flamenco artists—at $1.50 for the whole family. The possibilities, especially when combined with those new gadgets that record pre-selected programs for you while you sleep, are staggering. The prospects are the most exciting since the development of the printing press, which no doubt some committee or other opposed on the ground that commercial publishing would get in the way of free illiteracy. I wish I could go to California and vote No on Referendum 15. I wonder if Pierre Salinger will be permitted to?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From WASHINGTON Straight

The Organization

► Amid reports that he has neglected the organization-building techniques crucial to political success, President Johnson began last week to shake down his campaign staff. Kenneth O'Donnell and Lawrence O'Brien, White House legacies of the Kennedy Administration, were assigned to the Democratic National Committee; Gov. John Connally of Texas was designated unofficial campaign director, with Johnson aide Walter Jenkins as his White House contact.

The appointment of O'Donnell as Executive Director of the National Committee caused considerable stir here. There had been rumors that the aggressively ambitious O'Donnell was to be purged. But LBJ, a keen judge of political expertise, clearly recognized that he has no replacement of O'Donnell's caliber. O'Brien, the White House muscleman on Capitol Hill since January 1961, will tend the organization he painstakingly built for JFK in 1960: his classic campaign manual ("This is a doorbell—push it with your right forefinger") will be distributed to every Democratic precinct worker in the nation. O'Donnell and O'Brien will be expected to get the urban machines in Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit and Boston, which LBJ has been unable to budge, moving again.

The post-election political life expectancy of the Irish Mafia is doubtful. LBJ believes their first loyalty is to the Kennedy family rather than the Democratic Party. He is probably right. This is the reason that Democratic National Chairman John Bailey will find it difficult to get a post in the new Administration in the event of a Johnson victory in November, despite services rendered this summer and fall. Bailey is guilty of "original" sin. It was he, along with Abraham Ribicoff, then governor of Connecticut, who engineered Connecticut's early endorsement of John Kennedy in 1960, and directed the Kennedy Presidential campaign in the Northeast.

The Candidate

► LBJ, press reports notwithstanding, will campaign briskly for the Presidency. Beginning with weekend swings, many of them billed "non-political" to cut party costs, LBJ will gradually extend his tours until they swallow the entire week in a late October climax. The South has been marked for an eleventh-hour blitz.

The decision to wage an active campaign has been taken against the advice of Gov. Connally. Connally would like the President to run his campaign from the White House rose garden, leaning heavily on supra-political pronouncements on the wire services and the radio and TV networks. The Connally strategy is traditional for an incumbent; it makes the point that the President is above politics in his position of leader of all the people, that it is hard for him to wrench time from his crowded schedule to consider the frantic irrelevancies of his political opponent.

Interpretations have tended to obscure the central fact behind the President's decision: he cannot stay out of the campaign—especially with non-stop Hubert Humphrey in it. Humphrey received his marching orders nomination night: he will campaign in all fifty states; he will expound the campaign themes and rebut the Republican offensive; he will take care of Republican Vice Presidential nominee William Miller whose campaign tactics are much feared.

According to a source close to the White House, Johnson is *obsessed* with electoral arithmetic. State, regional and national polls are on his desk every morning. He gives them his immediate attention, often making calls to check their validity or solicit comments. He wants a tremendous numerical victory on November 3. And he is not about to let Hubert Humphrey have all the fun, or get all the credit.

Madison Avenue on the Job

► LBJ is already taking an active part in the public relations planning of his campaign. He is in close touch with both Doyle Dane Bernbach, the New York ad agency retained by the Democratic National Committee, and the unmarked building on K Street in Washington which houses the campaign strategists and phrasemakers. A two-volume 328-page collection of "media recommendations" has been submitted to the White House by Doyle Dane Bernbach. From these recommendations will come the magazine, newspaper, television, radio and billboard ads for the Johnson-Humphrey campaign. Word leaked from the White House last week that one "recommendation" had been vetoed by a "very high official": a TV script which exhumed Sen. Goldwater's 1959 flippancy on the moonshot program, to the effect that he would rather lob a missile into the men's room in the Kremlin.

Wright Again

► Rep. Wright Patman (D., Tex.), chairman of a House subcommittee which has for some time been reviewing the tax-exempt status of foundations, upended the intelligence community last week by declaring that the Kaplan Foundation of New York City had been used as a cover for supersecret activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. Nobody was more surprised by Patman's revelations than the CIA official who had told Patman that the "company" was using the Kaplan fund as cover for a project. Patman's play for publicity was purely perverse. When asked to explain the seeming irregularities in certain funds channeled through the Kaplan Foundation, the CIA frankly informed Patman of its purposes. But when Patman sought to badger it into revealing the complete details of its fund operations, the CIA declined. Patman, enraged that the CIA would "trifle" with him, blasted the agency to the press.

—CATO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World War

Conventional Nuclear Weapons

JAMES BURNHAM

Many of Senator Goldwater's views differ from his opponents' not merely in explicit statement but in the assumptions and general outlook from which they spring. Sentences formulated in terms of familiar, generally accepted ideas and assumptions *seem* easy to understand even though their meaning may in truth be ambiguous or absurd. ("We are against any discrimination." "Support of the UN is the first principle of U.S. foreign policy." "We stand for the self-determination of all peoples.") But the unfamiliar is likely to be difficult at first.

Take as example a phrase that many citizens found puzzling even before McNamara and the columnists got to work on it. What is Goldwater getting at when he speaks of "conventional nuclear weapons"? Apart from special problems of military tactics, he is, I think, trying to exorcise the *tabu* that has been laid on the whole field of nuclear weaponry. It is to the same purpose that he talks of giving theater commanders more voice in the use of nuclear weapons and of turning tactical nuclear weapons over to our allies.

I use the word "*tabu*" here in its strict magical sense, because this is what is now in force, not any mere rational analysis and regulation. It is not only *tabu* for us to use nuclear weapons; it is *tabu* to think about using them. Only those few persons who—like Rand Corporation scientists and Cabinet members—possess sufficient *mani* can even consider the problem of whether to use them; and they, only on condition that they end up with a negative conclusion. The irrationality of the *tabu* is obvious when we note that simultaneously with it we have been spending tens of billions of dollars on making the *tabu* objects—we make them in order *not* to use them.

When Goldwater introduced the exorcising formula, "conventional nuclear weapons," McNamara, as sorcerer-in-chief, replied that "the average nuclear weapon in the European theater is five to six times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb." One shudders to think what adjectives the commentators would have hurled against that piece of ambiguous irrelevance if it had come from Goldwater. No military command has ever yet employed an "average weapon" for the very good reason that an "average" doesn't exist.

Watch That Average

The average between a 50 megaton device and a one kiloton device is a bit over 25 megatons. What possible practical significance has that calculation? Let us add that even in his arithmetic, McNamara is ambiguous: he does not specify whether he means the average of types of weapons, or the average of individual weapons. Almost certainly it is the former (unless he is simply lying), which deprives his statement of its last grain of relevance. If a force were armed with two *types* of weapon, one of 99 kiloton yield, the other of one kiloton, the "average weapon" in one sense would be 50 kilotons; but there might be on hand a hundred of the larger and ten thousand of the smaller. In any case, if there are not thousands of low-yield easy-to-use nuclear weapons available to our own and NATO forces, why aren't there?

Actually, it is not the relative power of the weapons but the targets that draw the critical line. Nuclear weapons sent against major targets within the opponent's homeland signify—very probably, though not quite certainly—the initiation of all-out nuclear war and deaths in the tens of millions. But there is no objective reason why this must be the consequence of many other potential uses of nuclear weapons, even of rather high yield.

For example, let us suppose a renewed and large-scale Chinese attack on India. Many military men believe that the correct reply would be to close the Himalayan passes by nuclear bombing. Except for the *tabu*, why not? There is no reason at all to think this would lead to general nuclear war, and it would almost surely stymie the Chinese. Why should small nuclear bombs have been *automatically* excluded in our Tonkin air strikes? If they had been included, the actions might have been more effective and safer for our pilots. Then there are specialized nuclear devices, such as Douglas MacArthur and Goldwater have mentioned, to lay down radioactive barriers, defoliate trees, destroy crops, etc. All forever *tabu*? There exist nuclear devices, not much more awkward to use than an ordinary bazooka, suitable for use against heavy tanks, and small bombs far more effective than non-nuclear bombs against bridges, rail junctions and port facilities. All forever *tabu*? Let us note that we are more advanced than the Russians in research and manufacture of these lower-yield, varied devices. The *tabu* is all to the Russian advantage.

Through the Magic Screen

Goldwater, then, is trying to penetrate the magic screen that surrounds the problem of nuclear weapons. He wants to return the discussion to a rational, professional basis from which these latest additions to mankind's always changing military arsenal can be objectively analyzed in terms of capabilities and dangers. His critics—using magic and incantations to neutralize nuclear weapons much as the African witch-doctors use spells to turn bullets to water—are attempting the impossible task of turning the clock back to the pre-nuclear age.

If we really face the fact that the nuclear age is here and here to stay, we will not limit ourselves to finding all possible reasons to avoid nuclear weapons. We would be ready to accept an occasion—they have not been lacking in the past fifteen years—when we could use a few nuclear weapons for the prime purpose of lifting the *tabu* and letting public opinion realize that in the nuclear age some nuclear devices must inevitably become "conventional weapons."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal Observations from Abroad: Free and Less Free

It makes a great deal of difference to be even a bit free, says a recent traveler to points East. Please do *not* get sick in Warsaw if you can manage it

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The dining room was very crowded and we were in a hurry. There was a lot of medieval Cracow still to see before our plane left for Warsaw later that afternoon. Our guide asked a man sitting alone at a table for four if we could take the other three seats. They chatted for a few minutes, she thanked him and we sat down.

"He is a Hungarian," she told us and added, impulsively, "after all it is true what they say. They are more free than we." And then, almost wistfully, "they are permitted to go to Vienna. We can only visit the West on official business."

Free and more free. Free and less free. Those were phrases that recurred in conversations with guides and chance acquaintances in both Poland and Hungary. Hungarians and Poles would tell you proudly that they were more free than the poor East Germans (it is really terrible there; Ulbricht is a Stalinist); that they were more free than the Bulgarians, the Albanians, the Czechs and the Rumanians. But the Poles were coming to the reluctant conclusion that although they had been more free, much more free, than the Hungarians after the Poznan riots of 1956 that enabled Gomulka to institute certain reforms, they were falling behind and were now less free. There was no doubt in the minds of the Hungarians that they were the most free of the lot—as free, inferentially, as it is possible to become under Communism. (In these comparisons, Yugoslavia is always excluded. "What about Yugoslavia?" you ask. "But that is different," they will tell you and return to the fascinating occupation of parsing freedom, as it is understood under Communism, for you.)

Freedom means any number of things. To the Hungarian, that he can in June of 1964 (as opposed to April of 1964) buy a ticket and go to Vienna without asking anyone's permission (provided of course he has a valid passport) and that he can, again without permission, change 200 forints (about $8) into Austrian schillings to use as spending money in Austria. Again in Hungary, freedom means to a childless middle-aged physician and his working wife that although the housing regulations say two people are allowed only a single room they can have a three-room apartment, if they are willing to pay a six-person housing tax. Freedom means to the farmers in both countries that most of them—again more in Hungary than in Poland—can exchange the tyranny of the collective for the less restrictive conditions of the cooperative; that most of them can live in their own houses and farm the small lots around their homes for their own benefit. Even that there is a free market for their produce that is not illegal. Freedom is often spelled out in specific terms. You, as a small entrepreneur in Poland, for instance, are free to run a business provided you don't hire more than ten people to work for you. (Now to be sure if you really need eighteen employees what you probably do is rent another small house somewhere, organize a company in your wife's name and place eight of your employees there, and if you have a son over twenty-one . . .) Freedom in the little town of Kazimierz means that you leave the Renaissance market place and its large restaurant in order to lunch across the river and up the hill, in a tiny hole-in-the-wall in a private home. Why? you ask your guide. Because government-owned restaurants are always bad, he tells you categorically. Bad food. Bad service. "Private is always better." (Freedom means that he feels free to tell you this even after you have told him that you work for a magazine that is PRO-GOLDWATER.)

Fools Rush In

As my plane had circled over Warsaw two weeks earlier I had wondered, and not for the first time, whether this trip was really necessary? Did I really want to spend two weeks of a four-week vacation behind the Iron Curtain? Particularly since I knew relatively little, of a touristy nature, about the countries I was to visit. You can find travel books and guides aplenty on Yugoslavia, but so far as Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria (the other countries on my itinerary) are concerned nothing has been written postwar, excepting a couple of brief chapters in Fodor. You suddenly realize how isolated these countries are if you glance, as I did, at the morning's *Paris Herald* to check the Warsaw weather. You can learn whether it's raining in London (it is) or whether it's hot and clear in Madrid (it is), but the weather chart will mention none of the satellite capitals. They're not yet on the Grand Tourist route (and I'm now to tell you one of the reasons why).

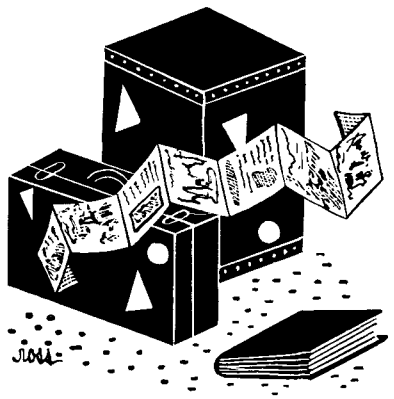
First impression—the Warsaw airport. If Poughkeepsie, New York, had built itself an airport forty years ago, this is the kind of an airport you might imagine that Poughkeepsie would have built. It's small, dingy and musty. And the best in Poland. It serves a capital city of well over a million. The passport and customs people, in ill-fitting and hot-looking uniforms, are obliging: and the porter doesn't fling your capitalistic tip in your face, but accepts it with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thanks. The genial taxi driver offers you a cigarette and manages to clock up 98 zlotys ($4) on what I find later is a 26-28 zloty ride.

It is a hot and sweaty kind of a day. And the countryside fits in perfectly with the weather: it is dusty, flat, depressing. On all sides there are still vestiges, twenty years later, of the great war. Mounds of rubble with their inevitable crop of weeds, scrub grass and trash. A few half-destroyed buildings still standing. As we approach the city I can note on all sides the massive grey concrete apartment houses that seem as inevitably to surround the modern capitals of Communism as did walls and battlements the capitals of feudal Europe. Most of them look as if they had been dropped in their present sites haphazardly; as if when the last workman had hammered in the last nail, that was it. There is no landscaping, no grading, no planting of lawns, shrubs or trees; no effort to soften the bleak outlines.

Before the Germans withdrew in 1944 they systematically dynamited and burned Warsaw so that, according to various estimates, from 75 to 90 per cent of the city was destroyed. (". . . it was a day much like this, warm and sunny," a guide told us the next morning, "on October 2, 1944 that 200,000 persons started walking out of the city. They didn't know where they were going, only that they must leave. Had it not been so terrible it would have have been comical. Old men, sick people, in perambulators, quite like babies, being pushed along. We walked to a railway junction ten miles away and there the young people were at once put on trains for Germany to work. The rest, they were left there until the end of the war. Shelters were built but until they were built it was hard. . . .") Faced with this destruction, the Poles decided to build their capital on modern lines and bulldozed out wide and spacious avenues with room for lines of sycamores and horse chestnuts—many of them good-sized—that do much to soften the harsh outlines of the buildings. The avenues look even more spacious than they are because traffic is so light. From the airport to the Hotel Bristol in the heart of the city I counted only three traffic lights in operation. (Every night in Warsaw hundreds of thousands of curbside parking spaces go begging.) An effort has been made to beautify the city. Formal little French gardens are planted here and there, but the effect is lost because only too often the grass has not been mowed and no one has thought to reseed sunbaked patches. But something else is wrong, too, and you realize it's the people.



They are goodlooking, on the whole, with swarms of startlingly handsome blond children, but you have to look long and hard to find one who takes pride in his own appearance. The men wear open-necked shirts that look dirty, unpressed baggy trousers and sandals. As for the women, it is just as well the Lord gave them pleasant features because they do nothing to help themselves: no girdles, no make-up; their idea of style is a loose-fitting splashy print skirt topped by a splashy print blouse (of different splash and different hue). Hair is something they pull back and keep out of their eyes. High heels are a bourgeois affectation.

When I checked into the Hotel Bristol they gave me 700 zlotys in cash. I thought it charming. It was my first experience with a RULE. This particular rule had to do with the fact that you cannot get a visa to Poland (and more about this anon) without paying for everything in advance—hotel reservations, sight-seeing tours, etc. When you arrive you are told that everything else has indeed been paid for but that your hotel room you must pay for yourself and that for this purpose you are being returned 700 zlotys. Why exactly 700 zlotys you will never find out. And don't try to; it really is not worth the effort.

There are rules and rules and the cardinal rule is that if you ever really understand a rule, it's a foul. (Return to your room. Do not pass "Go." Do not collect 200 zlotys. Do not leave until you have rolled boxcars twice in a row.)

The RESTAURANT RULES are these: You can stand at the door of a restaurant or a hotel dining room until the Vistula runs dry and no waiter will see you. But the minute you take a table and sit down every waiter in the room leaps to inform you that *that* table is reserved and it doesn't matter if you're the only diner in a hundred-table dining room. On Sunday at 1:30 at a certain table in the Bristol you can order a beer and get it. On Monday at 1:30 at the same table when you order a beer the waiter says, "No beer." "Why not?" you ask. "No beer," says the waiter. (Not "no beer today"; not "we're out of beer"; not "this is election day and beer is not served"; just "no beer.") No mineral water either; no wine. Nothing but orange juice or grapefruit juice. ("I don't want grapefruit juice," you say sulkily. "No beer," answers the waiter.)

MONEY RULE: You might as well be wandering with a £1 million note, like Mark Twain's unfortunate hero, as with a 100-zloty note (roughly $4). It cannot be changed. Your waiter can't change it; the concierge can't change it; the taxi driver can't change it, and if you think the National Bank of Poland can, you'll have to find some other cashier's window. Which makes for complications since it's also the rule that you must pay for everything if not in advance, at least the minute you get it: like say, breakfast in bed which is paid for in bed. And you settle with the little hairdresser for that strange shampoo she just gave you before Comrade (an ex-truck-driver) Coiffeur puts the first roller in your sopping locks. (By the time you go to the hairdresser you have learned though: you have become a hoarder of small denomination zlotys, and never budge without handfuls of fives and tens.)

RULE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL (AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT IF YOU EVER GO TO POLAND) IS, DON'T GET SICK AND MISS YOUR PLANE TO BUDAPEST BECAUSE THE PENALTY IS AWFUL: YOU MAY HAVE TO SPEND FOUR EXTRA DAYS IN POLAND.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHICH WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF YOU WERE SPENDING THOSE EXTRA FOUR DAYS SEEING CRACOW, OR KAZIMIERZ OR LUBLIN BUT WHAT YOU'LL PROBABLY BE DOING IS SPENDING THOSE FOUR EXTRA DAYS STANDING IN LINE.

My traveling companion is a most efficient and estimable young lady who as NATIONAL REVIEW's Production Editor has yet to send us to press with a headline upside down (unless the Editors in their episodic madness decreed that it be so) or a blank space where a book advertisement for Henry Regnery ought to be. But she has a weakness. And it's for red cabbage. She eats red cabbage whenever the opportunity arises. And it arose on the night of Monday, June 8. The next morning at 7:45 (our plane is leaving at 9:45) a mournful call from my friend. She and the red cabbage have come to a vulgar parting of the ways and much as she hates inconveniencing me it is quite impossible—"I'll call you right back," she interrupts herself hastily—for her to leave her bed or bathroom.

At 8:30 I trot over to the Orbis office. Orbis is the Polish Intourist and the organization without which one does not move. I go upstairs and corner a young man who speaks English of the most marginal sort. "My friend," I tell him very slowly and clearly, "is sick. We were to catch the 9:45 plane to Budapest, but it is impossible. She cannot leave her bed."

"Have you notified LOT [the Polish airline]?" "No," say I, "that is what I came over here for you to do."* "But why you cannot go?" he asks. "You must go." "My friend," I say more slowly, and more emphatically, "is *sick*." "But why you didn't notify us before? You *must* notify us 48 hours in advance. That is the RULE." (Still slowly, still emphatically, the voice only slightly higher pitched) "But I didn't know 48 hours ago my friend would be sick. I didn't know until this morning." A mournful shake of the head. "You will have very great trouble," he says sadly, and two young girls working in the next cubicle chime in. "Pity! Pity!" they say.

My fearful problem is now bucked up to one of the managers. (A missed plane in Poland is not to be taken lightly.) I go through, again, why my friend is sick, why we didn't notify them in advance, why we haven't yet told LOT and she comes to a courageous decision. *She* will phone LOT and break the appalling news. She phones. "As I thought," she tells me complacently, "you will have to pay for the flight. You should have notified them 48 hours in advance. That, after all, is the RULE." And then she informs me that our visas have run out.

What I must do now, she says, is go to the LOT office (and she writes out its address), get a passage on another flight to Budapest, return to the Orbis office to "finance" the visa extension and then go to the militia and request the extension. Can't Orbis do that for me? (How naive we Westerners are.) Still it doesn't sound too hard, but I do wonder, as I start toward the stairs, why those two girls in the corner look in my direction and say again, "Pity! Pity!"

I speak to three people in the LOT office before one braces himself to handle my problem. And then we go through it again. Why have we not left? Why didn't we notify them in advance? Why did my friend get sick? But it's impossible, we must leave! And this morning! I point out, less than calmly, that the plane HAS LEFT, and without us, and that all I want from him is a passage out tomorrow morning — Wednesday. He checks. There are no seats on the Budapest flight until Saturday morning (four days hence) he finally tells me, but he can't give me the two places on that flight. Why not? Because our visas have elapsed and the Polish airline does not make reservations for persons whose papers are

out of order. On the other hand, he informs me—almost happily—I can't get an extension of my visa until I show confirmed airplane reservations. I return to Orbis. Orbis confirms the dilemma. What do I do now, I ask. It is not really Orbis' business I'm informed, but they would suggest that I persuade LOT to give me space on the plane on Saturday, although it is, of course, against the RULE. Back to LOT.

I am bucked to one of the managers (a missed plane in Poland is indeed not to be taken lightly). He agrees that I have a very serious problem and eventually we come to a compromise. He makes out two new reservations for me—the kind that are stuck in your airline ticket over the original reservation—but does not attach them to the tickets. He will hold the tickets, he says, until I return with the stamped visa extension in our passports and then he will affix the new reservations to the tickets.

Workers' Paradise

Back to Orbis. Orbis professes to be satisfied (it is even cautiously pleased with me) and one of the "Pity" girls takes me on. The problem now, it turns out, is this. For every day you stay in Poland you have to cash $7.50 into zlotys at the tourist rate. We want a four-day visa extension so it will cost us an additional $60.00 ($30.00 each). "Fine," I say (I sometimes marvel at my good humor) "go to it." But there are phone calls to be made. Our dossier has to be dug out—it is temporarily lost. Miss Pity is not, alas, very bright. She pops big red strawberries and cigarettes into her mouth, alternately, while counting the extra days. Eventually she fills out my form. "You want four more days—June 10, 11, 12 and 13"—and she counts them out clicking long red fingernails on the counter. "Yes," I say. She fills out my friend's form and again she asks if it is for four more days, and if those days are the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth and clicks them out on the counter. I go to the cashier, cash the $60.00, return with the receipt, get another receipt for the visa extension and, now armed with passports, plane reservations, cashier's receipt, and Orbis visa receipt, set out for the militia headquarters which is a six-zloty ride away. (Distances in Warsaw are always estimated by the cost of the taxi ride.)

At militia headquarters I am lucky. At the reception desk I run into an intelligent French-speaking woman

*The Telephone Rule is: Don't even try!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who takes charge. In her office I once again fill out the visa forms I had filled out in New York and again in Paris. She asks me only once why my friend got sick and how come we missed the plane and then she tells me that I must get some stamps to stick on the new visas. "Fine," say I, knowing that this is simply another device for prying a couple of dollars loose. But, she informs me, the militia doesn't have the stamps. No indeedy. They can only be procured from a newspaper vendor at a nearby kiosk, and she kindly writes me out an order authorizing me to purchase 62 zlotys worth of stamps. I trot out, buy the stamps, return to the militia building, am instructed to take my place in line, eventually enter the office again and hand her the stamps. "Return at noon tomorrow," she says, "and your passports will be ready."

It is now a quarter to five in the afternoon. I have been at it since shortly after 8:30 A.M. By actual count I have taken the time of sixteen different Polish officials—each of whom has been pleasant and, in his fashion, helpful (which in and of itself proves that none is yet a finished bureaucrat). I still have to pick up the passports and return to the LOT office with them, but the worst is over—except, of course, that by now our Hungarian visas—(good for June 9-11 have run out. . . . And before we can get on that Saturday morning plane, we will have to manage to persuade the Hungarian consul in Warsaw to extend our visas which means that we will first have to stir up Ibusz, the Hungarian tourist office, and get it to change our hotel reservations and travel arrangements because without them the Hungarian consul in Warsaw will not budge. (Bulgaria at this point we scratch from our itinerary unregretfully.) One official even suggests that it would be more "correct" for us to start again from scratch and put the whole situation in the hands of our friendly Cosmos Travel Agent in New York, but everyone else realizes this is, indeed, silly and quite impractical. . . .

If Mack Sennett had tried to dramatize Kafka, this is the kind of scenario he might have devised. When you come down to it, what possible reason could there be for a system so complicated that when one flight is missed sixteen individuals — all of them working for the same boss, the Polish state—have to get into the act? Is this endemic to Communism, or do the Poles just naturally complicate things? A young Pole we met and talked to made a stab at explaining it (between guffaws). There was, he said, no particular incentive for anyone to work efficiently in Poland. With little chance of promotion built into the system and no hope of financial reward for extra good service, what the average white collar worker was interested in was two things: not getting into any trouble with the boss, and completing his eight-hour workday (six days a week) with as little inconvenience to himself as possible. Most Polish workers know right now, said our friend, just about how much money they will be making for the rest of their lives, in what kind of apartments they'll be living, what sort of clothes they'll be wearing and what prospects their children will have. They see little prospect of breaking out of the mold into which they have been inexorably poured.

Change Under Kadar

In this respect, they seem to be somewhat worse off than the Hungarians. In Budapest we got the impression that in a convoluted sort of a way, the unsuccessful revolution of 1956 was a watershed. Things were very bad indeed—at their very worst—we were told, right after the revolution, in 1957 and 1958, but since then the intolerable pressures have been relaxed.

"You must understand, of course, that Kadar [the Premier] is a Communist," a young guide, a graduate student who took us on a day-long drive into the northern hill country, told us, "but he is a moderate. Under him life is much easier."

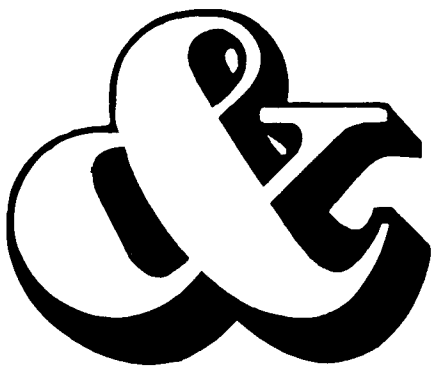
To sum up the difference between the bad old days under Rakosi ('52-'56) and the better days since '58, young George put it this way. Rakosi's motto had been: "Anyone who is not with us, is against us" and one gathered that since just about no one but the hard-core Communists, and not all of them, were with him, he had engaged in all-out war against most of the population. Kadar has turned that motto around. "Anyone who is not against us," says Kadar, "is with us," marking out as enemies only those in active opposition to the regime and leaving in peace the millions of mild dissidents. A rhetorical nicety, perhaps, but the Hungarians think much of it.

George spoke of the kind of thing Kadar was permitting which would have been inconceivable under Rakosi. Hungarians are, he stressed again, permitted to travel more freely. . . . They are allowed to bring back into the country articles up to a certain value without paying tax . . . "Little things," said George, "but important. For instance, Hungarians like French aperitifs. They can now be imported. It's not a big drain on our economy, but it gives great pleasure." There are things in the shops to buy that people want. If you pay the extra tax you can rent a bigger apartment. The farmer can sell his eggs and milk and hams. There is some reason for individuals to take on two jobs and make the extra money. There is also, one infers, although George does not go into it, the absence of fear or George wouldn't be discussing the pros and cons of the revolution, and whether Kadar had been justified in executing Imre Nagy. The massive Red Stars still look down over lovely Budapest from the tops of scores of public buildings and party edifices (as they don't in Warsaw) but there's a bustle on the streets and a general animation missing in Poland.

The Hungarians we met as tourists seem willing to settle for that: to settle or to plan to get out—not to topple the regime by force. "We'll never revolt again," a lovely scatterbrained Hungarian lady told us. "We suffered too much and we know *they* will never let us go. We know that now and"—more than a little bitterly—"we'll never trust you—the United States—again. Not after the last time. . . ." Then graciously deciding to forgive us—at least my friend and me—she invited us home for a drink and to meet her husband. "He will be very pleased to see you," she assured us, "although because I so well speak English he says I give him a decided inferior complexion. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RACE ISSUE



THE CAMPAIGN

A SPECIAL REPORT INCLUDING:

- *A Negro Minority* vs. *a White Majority?*
- *Backlash in New York?*
- *Backlash in California?*
- Who *Will Overcome?*

The Negro revolution, so-called, is making demands of a singular kind on the Democratic Party. That party has succeeded for a generation as a successful coalition of diverse interests. The question arises whether the adamant demands of the Negro minority — to many of which they are indisputably entitled — nevertheless will have the effect of breaking up that effective coalition, or at least of reducing it to the point where it can no longer command an effective national majority. The Negroes' demands, so many of them reasonable, some of them unreasonable, have left the Democratic Party helpless to distinguish between the two, to affirm one set, and reject the other. The result, Mr. Toledano observes, is a growing disillusion by white Democratic voters who are, many of them, beginning to look at the Democratic Party as a vehicle for one very special interest, rather than as the vehicle that originally won their loyalty by serving simultaneously the interests of minority groups, labor, farmers, the lower middle class, and the intellectuals.

Miss Arlene Croce of NATIONAL REVIEW describes the collision of interests New York City faces in the matter of bussing children around, the same problem that parents face in other large cities. And Mr. Richard Wheeler of the Oakland Tribune discusses the acrimony over the Rumford Law with its rigid provisions governing the sale, rental and purchase of housing.

As the backlash develops, the transcendent necessity is to keep clearly in mind the objectives of the good society. Our debt to the Negroes is very great and very grave, observes Garry Wills, and infinite patience is in order: well, not quite infinite, maybe, but as close to that as human beings can aspire to. As the Democratic coalition weakens, leadership of a more and more partisan kind must stress the coordinates of a humane and progressive policy with respect to the Negro minority.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ralph de Toledano

A NEGRO MINORITY VS. A WHITE MAJORITY?

For Democrats everywhere, the time for decison-making has come. The Establishment is as sorely beset as those poor peasants who must do its bidding. And it is a fact of political life that the Establishment is as befuddled by the insects it has let loose from Pandora's box as those lesser individuals who are the polloi outside the screen doors of the decision makers.

In 1964, the Democratic Party — claiming a majority status — has hitched its future to a minority and is gambling the years to come on the ascendancy of the Negro in America's political life. I say that the Democratic Party claims majority status — a statement which superficially seems to beg an equivocal question. After all, the mathematics of the electoral process would seem to make it clear that the Democrats are well ahead of the Republicans in numbers. But this is a deception.

Even a college freshman can quote from the *Gestalt* psychologists: "The whole is greater than the sum of its parts." The Democratic Party, since the days of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1933, has hardly been a majority. It has triumphed by compounding a series of minorities into a whole greater than the statistics would warrant. In this, the American electoral system has played its part. For the first time since the election of the second Roosevelt, however, the Democratic *Gestalt* is being challenged. And it is being challenged precisely where the Democrats are the weakest. For if one minority pre-empts the others in the alliance, then the whole fabric of power is rent.

The strains on the Democratic fabric have been showing for some time. The "civil rights" issue — the polite way to designate the Negro problem — is responsible for these strains. For the coalition of minorities which made up the Democratic Party was based on one important principle: no member of the alliance could threaten the others. Yet the Negro today does threaten so-called ethnic groups which once worked happily in tandem with the Negroes. This threat may be illusory; it may be bigoted; it may strike at all the concepts and precepts of a human brotherhood stemming from the Fatherhood of God. But a threat does not have to be real. The pistol pointed at the prison guard may be carved from soap and dyed with shoe polish. If the guard believes it is real, then his reaction cannot be measured by the unreality of the weapon.

Fear Jobs Menaced

It can be stated in so many words that throughout this country second (and third) generation Americans, competing in a labor market temporarily shrinking under the impact of automation, consider themselves and their livelihoods to be menaced by Negro expansionism and the enactment of hastily conceived and improperly drawn civil rights statutes. The fair employment provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 may or may not mean what members of such unions as David McDonald's United Steelworkers may believe that it means. This is beside the point. What is important is that, by an actual poll taken of the rank-and-file, the belief is prevalent that jobs will be lost and seniority sacrificed to Negroes who will have the stern backing of the Federal Government and the President. In other unions and other areas of economic life, this belief is prevalent — and it has made itself felt politically in the vote in recent Presidential primaries for Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Governor Wallace was able to win over large minorities not from the power of his *beaux yeux* but because he represented a real concern.

That concern, stated bluntly but not unfairly, was this: that the Negro minority had taken control of the Democratic Party. "Control" is a strong word and bears some elaboration. It does not mean that the party machinery is in Negro hands or that the Reverend Martin Luther King can dictate in absolute terms to the Democratic National Committee. It does mean that in terms of significant action, those who do hold the strings of power in the Democratic Party are guided in their decisions by a controlling interest in the attitudes and reactions of a Negro minority which does not exceed 10 per cent of the national population. It has taken a plethora of sad experience to bring the ethnic voter to the state of suspicion the Southerner has harbored since the early days of the New Deal.

Some Blame Warren

Since the publication of "Secure These Rights" — a noble statement on the Negro question prepared during the Truman Administration — the Democratic Party has moved inexorably towards its present state of submission to the dictates of a minority within a minority — of the Negro leadership which, like the Lady of Niger, rides on the ravening tiger of a "Negro Revolution" which can only bring grief to white and Negro alike. "Secure These Rights" was a cloud no bigger than the size of a hippopotamus. But, to dislocate the metaphor, it bore within itself the seeds of all that has since transpired.

Those who take a constitutional view of the relation of people, races, states, and economic forces in the American Union tend to blame Earl Warren, that "great Republican Chief Justice" —

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with or without the comma between "Republican" and "Chief" presumably forgotten by Richard Nixon's copy readers. But this is the easy way out. Chief Justice Warren simply reflected the sentiments and the thinking of the Democrats to whom he owed his political career when he reversed *Plessy* vs. *Ferguson* and the doctrine of "separate but equal" in favor of a mess of second-rate sociological pottage. The damage had been done anteriorly and interiorly, and it was never challenged by a series of supine Democratic Congresses which never remembered that the wages of weakness are death and un-constitutional legislation.

The two Civil Rights Acts under the Eisenhower Administration — and the culminating violence on the Constitution by the Act of 1964 — followed as the night the day. These assorted legislative conceits have set the stage for the present conflict within the Democratic Party. But their statutory impact has been nothing to their effect on the parent party. I think it is fair to say that no development in social legislation is considered by the Democratic *e pluribus unum* without sustained and worried thought of its effect on the Negro minority. The thought would be commendable if it reflected a heightened awareness that the Negro has problems which must sometimes be considered above and beyond the call of legislative duty.

Convention Proves Enough

But in recent years, the damp hand of political expediency has reached out to guide the destiny of the Democratic Party. The history of this year's convention is proof enough that the Administration is thinking less in terms of abstract justice than with the thought of November's tomorrow in mind. If justice rather than politics were the criterion, then the easy justification of rioting and looting, of abused and violated civil order, of any actions taken in the name of "equality" would not have been the Democratic Party's quick reaction. Neither would there have been the searching investigation of the political effects of seating delegations from Alabama and Mississippi at a conclave presumably governed by fixed rules.

The present posture of the Democratic Party, moreover, can only be temporary. In matters of social action, there is a domineering dynamism which cannot be slowed without going into reverse. And the Democratic Party has gone too far in its systematic alienation of the South to change course. The very fact that eligibility of Southern delegations — regardless of their own criteria — was considered has raised the hackles of the South. It can now consider itself of second class regionally. This sense of rejection from a party the South sustained during its lean and sorrowful years is perhaps more a factor of the present anti-Democratic revolt south of Mr. Mason's and Mr. Dixon's line than the question of a Negro's precise right to position himself on a lunch counter stool or to challenge an employer's right to hire by whatever whim suits him.

Johnson May Succeed

Whatever the outcome of this or any subsequent election, the sense of second-class citizenship will rankle ironically in the hearts of Southerners. When this sense is coupled to the South's economic conservatism and its insistence on the traditional virtues of free and responsible enterprise, the result is inevitable. The one-party South begins to vanish, with or without further provocation from Congress, the Justice Department, or the Supreme Court. In political terms, this is as important a "revolution" as the upheaval proclaimed daily by James Baldwin, Martin Luther King, and the various organizations which give them support.

President Johnson may perform marvels of juggling and prestidigitation in his Gargantuan efforts to reconcile the South and the Negro. He may succeed temporarily — but not for long. For it has become a hot-and-cold struggle of Negro and white in Oxford, Mississippi, and Gary, Indiana — in New York and Alabama — and no amount of wishful thinking will unmake it so. As a consequence, the Democratic Party will advance at an accelerating pace toward a complete accommodation with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, and the other vehicles for rapid and forced acceptance of the Negro as a senior partner in the nation's governance.

This has nothing to do with good or bad, right or wrong. It is as inevitable, given the present course of Democratic history, as the wide discrepancy between official reaction to Negro sit-ins and demonstrations and white counter-demonstrations in New York City. The former are considered a legitimate form of political activity. The latter somehow have the odor of brimstone — a double standard not at all unusual in this day of emotional thinking and flabby logic. The schizophrenia of the Democratic Party, institutionalized since the New Deal, has led to a rupture of personality. The Northern Democratic Party can no longer act as if its Southern counterpart is a political *Doppelgänger.*

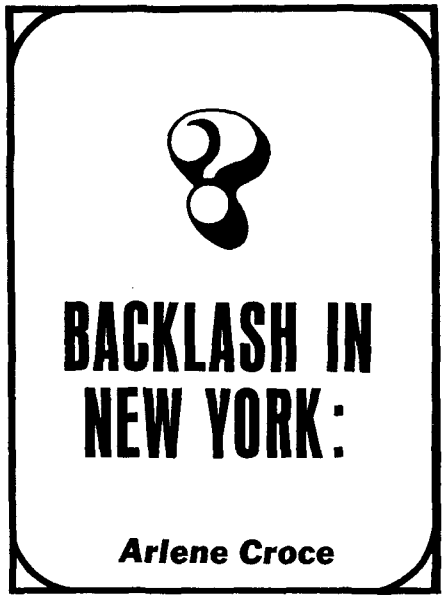
Let me repeat again: It is not a matter of right or wrong, of inequities come home to roost. The Democratic Party is being polarized by the dialectics of an unfortunate situation. For years, an American political system based on compromise has been able to allow opposites to work together in restless discomfort. On the congressional level, the pork barrel and the Presidential ukase have served to prevent a rift. But each successive North-South crisis has made this more difficult.

Negro Influence Great

The consequence, therefore, is that as the coalition of minorities approaches dissolution, the one minority which has claimed priority will become the majority — a majority not in numbers but in influence. Already, Negro voters exercise an influence far beyond their number in such urban centers as New York and Chicago. Since the "white backlash" draws sustenance from political as well as racial frustrations, the move by some voters to the Republican Party can be expected to accelerate. And this, in turn, will make the Negro more important to the Democrats and leave them more dependent on the minority that was.

The process may be slow and marked by third-party fragmentation as the white voter recovers the majority status that his numerical preponderance would seem to entitle him. But the process is inevitable. President Johnson and the Democratic National Committee may not know this. It will not be the first time that self-deception impinges on history. This will be cold comfort to the officeholders hoist on a petard of their own choosing — but so long as it is not Southern Comfort, they will probably not mind. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BACKLASH IN NEW YORK:

Arlene Croce

PAT vs. Board of Education

Parents and Taxpayers Coordinating Council, familiarly known as PAT, is an organization composed, at top strength, of nearly half a million of the maddest citizens in New York. They are mad at the Board of Education, mad at Mayor Wagner, mad at Governor Rockefeller, mad at the Democratic Party, mad at the Liberal Party. For some, iron-clad Liberals, the ultimate madness would be to cast a vote this November for Senator Goldwater. For others, a vote for Goldwater — unthinkable a year ago — now seems both an attractive and an effective way to protest the multifold difficulties New York's political establishment has pressed upon them.

Segregation Persists

The gut issue, for PAT, is the threatened destruction of the neighborhood school. Executive Secretary Rosemary Gunning is convinced it is *the* issue for all of New York. When, last March, the Board of Education put through its controversial plan for achieving "racial balance" in the classroom by transferring loads of children out of their own school districts — "my phone jumped from morning till night," Mrs. Gunning said. "In thirty years of civic work in New York, I'd never seen anything like it."

The public schools of New York are integrated. Any child may in theory enroll at any school his parents wish him to attend. Yet school segregation persists in New York, as in all of America's northern cities, because of the *de facto* racial and ethnic segregation of the neighborhoods. Some schools are all black, others are all white; some have more "black" (Puerto Ricans as well as Negroes) than white, and so on. Despite this, the Board of Education has announced its goal of "total integration" — presumably also including acceptable distribution — in three years. Step One is the systematic daily exchange, starting September 14, of some 25,000 pupils, involving ten paired school districts. Neighborhood feeder patterns (where kids go from elementary to junior high to high school) will also be changed.

Boycotts Are Illegal

It was because school board officials at first resisted putting the "Princeton" (transfer) plan into effect in New York that Negro civil rights groups, dissatisfied with the classroom situation, began to issue vague calls for "specific" programs, at the same time making headlines with rallies, demonstrations, and threats ("I'd rather see the entire school system destroyed than have it continue segregated the way it is" — the Rev. Milton A. Galamison). Galamison's two school boycotts finally broke the Board's back. Civil rights officials now never fail to stress that the forced transfer of pupils beginning this fall is only a "small, but vital first step." To the parents of a seven-year-old girl who must now walk eighteen blocks to a new school when her own school lies just across the street, the Board has gone far enough. "Bussing" is a euphemism in more ways than one.

Having vainly tried to head off the Board's decision by means of a CORE-like demonstration (25,000 people braved freezing weather to picket for hours in the largest demonstration in City Hall history) PAT, backed by Brooklyn's Joint Council for Better Education, called a school boycott of its own for September 14. This placed the organization — which is not and has never been opposed to integration — on a direct collision course with the Board of Education. School boycotts are, of course, illegal, and PAT will have to provide educational facilities for the children it plans to pull out of school — an almost insuperable task. But Mrs. Gunning, a lawyer, says: "It's the Board that's broken the law, not us. They've locked us out of our schools." And a PAT father swears by his determination to fight City Hall: "I worked all my life to get out of Brownsville. Now that I'm living in Forest Hills, *they're* going to send my kid *back* to Brownsville?"

But lest anyone think this purely a local or state issue, PAT's "resistance movement" is sure to have national consequences even though organizationally it has neither the staff nor the funds to expand. In the first place, PAT is already surprisingly large, comprising 52 affiliates representing 100 organizations in all five boroughs of New York City, plus surrounding suburbs. Similar unaffiliated groups exist in Connecticut, New Jersey, Philadelphia and Chicago. And the problem exists in Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Detroit, whether or not there is a PAT chapter to deal with it. In the second place, the experience of the New York PAT so far has been one of utter frustration at the local level. The indifference of the Board of Education, of the Mayor and Governor, pretty well blocks the avenues to a negotiated peace, and the Liberal Party — traditionally a Democrat's recourse for reform — has come out in *favor* of the Board's plan. The Republican national platform endorses the neighborhood school concept. But not all the horsepower, nor all the men PAT summoned for a motorcade to Atlantic City, could obtain a similar plank in the Democratic platform.

Suburbia May Explode

PAT, a non-partisan organization (it is also non-sectarian and biracial), would prefer to neutralize the issue by wringing such a concession from all the parties, but it has made no secret of the fact that harassed members may "be forced to take their resentment to the polls." One of PAT's current objectives is to bring the matter to a vote in a referendum November 3, but even this may not suffice. Several months ago one young mother, a lifelong Democrat (as are most of PAT's members), became so incensed at the way things were going that two friends commented, "You sound as if you're for Goldwater." "Well," she said, possibly for the first time, "I am!" The two friends still recall their shock, now that they have decided to vote for Goldwater themselves.

PAT officials, non-partisan to the end, have not endorsed Goldwater as *their* candidate. They maintain much may depend on the campaign decisions of Lyndon Johnson and Bobby Kennedy. They point out that so far, Goldwater's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refusal to do anything that might "inflame racial tensions" has kept him from seizing on coercive integration in the northern city schools as an issue. But while they resolutely quash any attempt by unruly members to convert PAT into a campaign adjunct either of the Democrats or the GOP, they see no reason to contradict the results of a GOP poll taken in New York State, which found white voters living on the periphery of Negro neighborhoods — voters whose children will be among the first to be bussed — more likely to lash back (*i.e.*, switch to Goldwater) over the civil rights issue than those in the outlying suburbs. They frankly expect Suburbia to explode once the Board's experiments get under way. And they admit that the loyal Democrats and Liberals within their ranks, many of them in positions of leadership and used to free communication with party policy makers, are not so loyal when that communication is cut off, nor so Liberal with their own children's welfare. ■

Proposition 14 Gains Support

"We have learned beyond a shadow of a doubt that Senator Goldwater's California campaign will be tied directly to the drive to pass Proposition 14. The Goldwater leaders . . . believe their best chance is to win with the bigot and uninformed vote. . . . We see Proposition 14 as part of a national effort to revoke the rights of American citizens. . . ."

This steaming rhetoric by California's Democratic state chairman and vice chairman, Eugene Wyman and Roger Kent, hews closely to the Democrats' cherished presumption that the open housing controversy is exclusively a racial issue, with all the bigots on one side, and nice people on the other.

Proposition 14 proposes to add to California's constitution the following provision: "Neither the state nor any subdivision or agencies thereof shall deny, limit or abridge, directly or indirectly, the right of any person who is willing or desires to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to sell, lease or rent any part or all of his real property, to any person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses." This would nullify most of the state's open housing laws.

Support Is Silent

The proposition has garnered broad support although no one would know that from perusing the newspapers. About a million people signed the petition, which is more than twice the signatures needed to place it on the ballot.

Jittery Democrat pols, painfully aware that 14 enjoys wide but silent support, are gambling that their close identification with the less popular side will not lead to disaster. In 1958, Republican Bill Knowland tried much the same gambit with an unpopular right to work proposition—and lost disastrously.

From the beginning, Democrat bigwigs considered open housing the most crucial issue in the campaign. Their strategy involves linking 14 to Goldwater, conservatism, the GOP, Birchers, bigots, fascists, and assorted special interests, presumably wearing twin lightning bolts on their collars. Governor Brown has warned that its approval would trigger racial violence throughout California. Former Attorney General Mosk ominously hinted that it would disqualify the state for urban renewal funds. An FEPC official claimed passage would bring federal intervention. Civil Rights groups, assisted by Democrats, attempted to quash the initiative even before it appeared on the ballot. And through it all, disciplined labor cadres have added decibels to the din.

Eventually, everyone from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Pike and assorted churchmen to the Rat Pack and assorted Hollywood rodents clambered aboard, setting bewildered Californians to wondering just what stake such worthy groups as the YMCA and the State Board of Education had in the issue. The president of the Catholic Interracial Council in San Francisco even suggested that a yes vote on 14 would be a sin!

Some of 14's popularity can be ascribed to resentment against the extremism of the recently enacted Rumford Fair Housing Act. Not only does the act assault traditional prerogatives of real estate ownership, but it also attacks voluntary community (which produced considerable interracial living in California), and menaces self-expression.

The act covers about 70 per cent of private housing, and makes it unlawful to refuse to sell or rent on the basis of race, religion or national origin. An owner cannot inquire about the origins of the prospective buyer or lessee with the intent of violating the law. If a banker, tenant, buyer, realtor, neighbor or anyone else aids or abets the commission of such discrimination, he is also guilty of violating the law.

Proposition 14 goes rather far in its own right by giving property owners *absolute* discretion in the disposal of their real estate. Most Californians have doubts about both the Rumford Act and Proposition 14, and would prefer to see an acceptable compromise worked out. These are generally people of good will, who are genuinely eager to see Negroes get an equal break. Their desire to see Negroes progress within the traditional American framework of voluntary association and strong property rights does not, *ipso facto*, make them racists, nor do they think of themselves as anti-Negro. But they have been painted into the racist corner by implacable Democratic propaganda.

Issue Is Crucial

California's GOP has meticulously avoided capitalizing on racial issues. It has urged its candidates to follow their consciences on 14, and has affirmed its opposition to racial discrimination. If racial questions have driven people to the Republican side, it is mainly because the Democrats are insufferably intolerant of anyone who harbors doubts about the Rumford Act. Moreover, the Democrats have exacerbated their difficulties with the moderates by requesting Governor Brown to pardon everyone convicted of violating the law in San Francisco's ugly civil rights demonstrations. If Goldwater and the GOP sweep California—as they well may—the Democrats can take much of the credit. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO WILL OVERCOME?

Garry Wills

I

When the owner of the Pickrick Restaurant in Atlanta refused to serve Negro customers, in clear defiance of the civil rights law, he said the Negroes who had come to eat his food were dispatched on this mission by Communists. But, although he obviously thought these Negroes had been sent to do a man's job (the man in this case being Khrushchev), he addressed the emissaries themselves with the familiar, unendearing endearment, "boy."

The "new Negro" might be defined as one who winces more noticeably when called "boy" than when he is called a Communist. The new Negro is that woman who had to go to one law court in order to make another court address her as "Miss Doe" instead of "Jane." This Negro would rather be feared than patronized; and he is getting his way. And he should.

Fear can be a compliment — an admission of equality, even if it is only the level plane of the battleground on which opponents stand. It is not enough to say, as some do in this time of "backlash," that the Negro should earn an unforced respect. The whole point is that the respect to be earned by "Jane" is the condescending approval given to children who are well-behaved, and Miss Doe is no longer satisfied with that kind of deference. Many Southerners can and do boast of the good things they have done for Negroes — (for "*their* Negroes," if they let their tongue slip past the unfamiliar new tact to the old unflinching truth) — but the entire assumption on which such benefactions rest is that the Negro must be cared for because he can never be responsible for himself. Here, too, the owner of the Pickrick Restaurant ran true to form. He used the fact that he pays a living wage to Negroes on one side of the counter as justification for breaking the law that gives them access to the other side. Even what he does for individual Negroes is calculated to circumscribe and isolate the race as a whole.

This is the bind experienced by the new Negro, who cannot take even the most laboriously earned rewards from the ordinary commerce of life without fearing that they are meant as bribes to keep him "in his place"; who cannot reject these minimal good things (any more than the rest of us can) because of his need; who cannot accept them gracelessly or grudgingly without risking the charge of irresponsible agitation and a touchy desire to pick quarrels over straws. It is not a choice any man would *want* to live with; and with which many cannot live. Perhaps a saint could. But we cannot expect, and we do not deserve, sanctity from those we have placed under such cruel disadvantages.

North Reaped Profit

For what, after all, is the Negro in America? He was a piece of property, wrested from the tribal organization that was his principal or only perceptual apparatus for dealing with the universe; given an animal existence, if he continued to exist at all, while he drifted to a place that might as well have been the moon for any chance he had of dealing with its novelties; sent there in the airless, lightless ship where he could learn nothing but to loathe the suffocating impingement of his fellows on each precariously-snatched breath of life (in ships, by the way, which brought the North *its* profit from slavery — slavery is our *national* crime); chained, exhibited, sold, driven; breeding, on other pieces of alien property, further possessions for his master, to be disposed of on the market; denied even the nobility of *recognized* tragedy as the ugly truth of the fields, with their sadistic overseers, was veiled with the luxuriating myth of mammies 'mid the magnolias; freed only to be exploited; slowly knitted up again in a cobweb of chains thin as air but tough as the rusted ones that had been broken from him in the war, chains all the more infuriating for being invisible; and now rewarded with a cotton-candy simulacrum of respect if he adjusts to these chains with as little fuss as possible instead of pushing himself into an "unearned" position by hacking at the chains.

One Side Can't Win

The conservative, of all people, should be willing and able to grasp the plight of the Negro, but to claim that the conservative *should* understand the problem is not, by any means, to maintain that he *does*. The wrong done to the Negro—or to the American Indian—is so unmanageably large a debt that even those with the best will in the world try to evade the logarithmic ordeal of itemizing these accounts. Our eyes soon blur, interposing some *moments* of relief, merely delaying the time when we must open our eyes again, and continue our computations. I dare say that every white man — all across the political or religious or social spectrum — has felt a new uneasiness, this last year, simply because the evasion of the truth is getting more difficult. It is harder to "typecast" the new Negro by Hollywood standards, to make him be gone with the wind, to file him in the "non-urgent" hamper. We have progressed at least to the point where we begin to know that we don't know these human beings who have lived with us, so conveniently invisible for so long.

I am saying, I am afraid, that like the little boys in a strange playground, we must fight before we become friends. So long as it is not a fight to the death. For in this struggle no *one* side can "overcome some day." It is a case of both sides, or neither.

II

It would be a cruelly farcical reverse if the conservative candidate in the nearing election should be elected by people with their own version of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberals' "problem-answer" approach to politics — by people, that is, who think that a vote for Goldwater will solve or end "the race problem," will make Negroes stop asking for redress from this nation or force them to couch their requests in invariably modulated asides or suggestions. The deep truth that Goldwater has enunciated against the legal panaceists — that integration is a matter that must be accomplished in a more intimate tribunal than the courtroom, in the heart — can be used by those who, unlike Goldwater, have never done and never intend doing a single good thing for a single Negro; who mean to use a statement of the truth's complexity as a tool for burying the truth.

Would Enforce Law

Come inauguration time, such people may be in for a surprise. In one of his finest moments, Goldwater answered the delegate who had questioned his candor with a pledge he obviously meant — that he would not only enforce a valid law (although he voted against certain of its provisions before it or he were placed in authority), but that he would go out beyond the law to work for improved relations between the races.

There are many things he would be in a unique position to accomplish. Were he elected with Southern support, and on the stated platform of law-enforcement, he could insure observance of the civil rights law without arousing Southern fears that he may be engaged in a large-scale war to wear down states' rights. Moreover, believing as he does in the primacy of private moral initiative, President Goldwater could lend his office's considerable persuasive influence to voluntary programs that would cause labyrinthine constitutional snarls if men tried to translate them into law (as the Liberal invariably tends to do with moral actions).

What are such policies, moral in themselves though beyond the immediately expectable scope of law? One such is the policy of *preferential* hiring for the Negro, an eminently moral one, though some conservatives have cynically borrowed the very egalitarian professions they normally condemn in order to support a faceless "equality" among those seeking jobs. Other things being equal, there is a moral claim upon employers to hire qualified Negroes instead of whites. The Negro has, in almost every case, had to overcome greater obstacles in order to become qualified (in fact, to become "equally qualified" a Negro has often shown character in a way that will make him a *more* valuable employee in the long run). Our society has placed the Negro under many disadvantages which we should *seek occasions* to counterbalance. Furthermore, employing the individual Negro may send out ripples of incentive to the Negro community at large and raise expectation and performance as the Negroes discover new opportunities for employment. (I put off, for the moment, the desirability of preventing discrimination in labor unions, since this is an area where Goldwater could help right things by legislation).

There are other ways of encouraging private initiative where laws have not reached, or cannot — e.g., the policy of dealing with firms, contractors, and unions (where there is a choice) that do not practice *de facto* segregation; increasing the challenge on the churches, lest they depend on the law to accomplish what they should all along have been working for; and, in general, making clear to the citizenry that each man has a duty beyond that of mere conformity to the decrees that come out of Washington. For all action along this line, a President of Goldwater's position would have tremendous leverage on the national conscience — if he chooses to use it. And I think he would.

Moreover, there is *legislation* he could propose to better the Negroes' lot. The notorious discrimination of the unions could be countered with laws aimed at the injustices of the monopolistic, closed-shop, segregated unions. There could be grants for summer sessions to raise the grades of Negro children who have not been given sufficient individual care in the regular sessions. This is a positive means of preventing the frustrated child from turning to crime or rioting in the summer as his only way of achieving something on his own.

There are many possibilities to be explored for legislative action on a solid conservative base, legislation that would help us pay in sound moral currency some of our huge national debt to the Negro. And in proposing and executing these laws — as in enforcing the civil rights law, or the voter-registration laws — Goldwater would be operating with this great advantage, that he could not convincingly be accused of trying to pre-empt the entire governmental role of the states.

III

I am not saying, what I in fact began by denying, that a vote for Goldwater will absolve us from the continuing demands of the Negro's agony. That problem we cannot vote out of existence overnight — not by a ballot for Goldwater, not by one for Johnson; not even, were that possible, by a vote for St. Francis of Assisi, or (what some may think much the same thing) for Martin Luther King. Reality is not so plastic to the plebiscite.

The "race problem" will not only perdure beyond November. It will continue to be thorny, explosive, and edging always out to extremes. This must be so, for two reasons. First, the white community needs a series of peremptory electric shocks to be awakened and kept awake to its duties; and, second, the Negro, feeling his way into new areas of self-awareness, dignity, and pride, will naturally overstate his position at times; will, by a series of tentative pushes outward, experience his new scope, with its slowly enlarging limits. We have not sufficiently reflected, I think, on the psychological strategems (as opposed to the religious doctrines) of the Black Muslims. Robbed of honor, these Negros by a *tour de force* take the very badge of their inflicted inferiority, their blackness, and make it a symbol of pride. The arguments used to justify this are not what interest me at the moment — (the rewriting of history, the inverting of religion, the unconscious caricaturing of the very racism that enslaved them) — so much as the fact that it *works*. The Muslim community is a living refutation of the old charge that the Negro cannot live a life of sobriety, industry and pride in himself. We all, and especially the Negroes themselves, have cause for concern in the Muslims' attitude toward our nation's laws. But we should all learn from the devoted way the Muslim adheres to the laws of his own faction.

Our job, of course, is to find ways of letting the Negro feel the pride of self-possession without having to resort to the pitiful stimuli that have awakened

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this pride in the Muslims. But to say that we depend on the growth of Negro pride is to prepare ourselves for a series of prickly encounters. Negro pride, like all pride, is valuable, indeed indispensable to man's stature (and therefore to civilization) but volatile, acquired only with some experimentation and overstatement and potential excess. It is the story of the loud adolescent at the dinner table. The Negroes as a group are at the awkward age, pressing upon social adulthood yet drawn back by many ties toward their tortured childhood. We must acquire the patience of the bewildered parent who recognizes himself in the odd behavior of his growing son, and not expect invariably adult composure from people only now being allowed to exercise some of their legitimate adult rights.

Must Resist Pressures

But — (and here the real spiritual difficulties arise, not merely in law but in our whole attitude to this delicate problem) — while sympathizing with Negro urgency, and making every effort to understand even the wilder gestures arising out of this urgency, we must not allow these immediate pressures to bend the permanent structure of our society permanently out of shape. Legal evasions, constitutional fantasies, the ingenuities of bad conscience must not override the deepest instincts of self-preservation which, in societies as in the individuals who make them up, are the very foundation for every other good thing.

Just as the white community should be brought to expect, understand, and allow for the clamorous quality in the Negro's voice when he asks us for his rights, just as we are *obliged* to be patient with these stridencies, so the Negro must be forewarned of the bounds beyond which he will meet the iron resistance of any society (any that is worth the name of society) to violence, random or unrestrained protest, and anarchy. And here, too, the candidacy of Goldwater can do the nation service. It sent even Richard Rovere's well-behaved political compass spinning for a moment (though its needle had theretofore turned invariably to Hyannisport as his magnetic north of the spirit), when President Kennedy, the man bound by oath to uphold the nation's laws, suggested that the nation's laws must not be binding upon Negroes. When a President says such things, when his appointee to the UN suggests that jail sentences may be negligeable or even enviable marks upon a man's record, when the Attorney General lends the authority of his and his brother's office to clergymen who suggest (presumably by excising from their Bibles Romans 13 and I Peter 2) that no law binds a man if he happens to disagree with it—when these things occur, then it is time to remind those riding the surges of protest that none of us are helped if their poundings against our legal structure make the whole fabric crumble.

Through the ballot, instead of in the streets, the white community can make unmistakably clear its determination not to let a guilty conscience drive it to political suicide, not to sacrifice the peace of us all to the demands (even legitimate demands) of some, not to surrender excellence in education to the airy, arithmetical sorting out of the races in every class room. It was asked of Goldwater, after his acceptance speech on the importance of maintaining law in the streets, how he could bring federal power to bear on the local neighborhood, holding the views he does on local rights. The answer, of course, is that he could begin by taking a different attitude toward his office than either of the Kennedys brought to their law-enforcement roles. He might stop giving aid and comfort — or direct assent — to the idea that breaking the law is all right if it is done *sincerely,* or by people with grievances, or by clergymen. The system of executed law should be firmly anchored at its center, or who knows where we may drift in these storms?

I am reminded of the theories of priest-historians, who, looking back to the early history of the Christian Church, realize that Christianity put certain unassimilable demands upon the Roman legal system in the opening centuries of our era. Without justifying individual acts of sadism or excess on the part of the persecutors, these priests see the point of some of Gibbon's remarks. They think that the Roman state *should* have opposed the spread of this anti-pagan (and to that extent extra-legal) religion in the pagan empire. They even see that, in the long run, the Church itself profited from Roman refusal to let the solvent effects of early Christian idealism act without dilution on the pillars and arches of the imperial civilization.

When the searing effects of an immediate wrong blind men to the overall advantages of civilized order, a "failure of nerve" occurs in those who are unwilling to man the walls of the city simply because life within those walls is not perfect. This failure of nerve has for some time been inching its paralytic effects over us — and not only where the relations of the races are involved. Defects in the history of free economies dishearten men for the fight against that cruel messianic parody, Communism. Defects in the history of Europe make men lachrymosely anxious to sever all ties with our Western past. The defection of parents from duty leads them to compensate with a guilt-ridden unrealism in handling delinquents.

Goldwater's Leadership

In all these areas, not only in the sector of race relations, Goldwater leads a new kind of "rebellion" from within meant to *man* the walls with new confidence, not disassemble them. The virtuosos of a donnish indecision represent this instinctive patriotic protection of our society as a solipsistic rejection of the world outside our boundaries. A more realistic view of our (and of every) society would, I think, maintain that without preserved identity and a will to survive no society has anything to offer to others or to its own, outside its boundaries or within. And the very pride of the Negro, which has arisen so startingly in recent days, to challenge us and give us hope, will bear, I am sure, the test that some are loath to put it to: that is, the Negro *can* have civilized demands placed upon him, can himself protect the society that has not adequately protected him, can be made mad enough (if nothing else) to show the pessimists they are wrong when they claim that he must have everything given to him.

The so-called "backlash" is a thing far more diversified than the perfervid rhetoric of the newspapers would suggest. It does no one any good to impose an artificial simplicity on the stiffening determination of the white community not to let our streets become battlefields. At its best, the Goldwater vote can register, through our peaceful campaign processes, the clear limits within which the destined struggle of our citizens must be played out; the limits within which, having fought, we may be friends. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If – until today – your experience with art masterpieces has been limited, for the most part, to scaled-down "prints" and reproductions in books

Imagine the excitement of viewing the world's great paintings in the FULL SIZE and GLOWING COLORS of the original canvases– on your own wall at home!

A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION OFFER FROM

THE McGRAW HILL Color Slide Program of Art Enjoyment

TAKE THIS ALBUM OF IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS FOR ONLY $1 [comparable value: $15 to $18]

HAVE you ever wondered why people who are otherwise well-informed often fail to develop a real understanding and enthusiasm for so many of the world's great paintings? Perhaps it is because most of us *only rarely have the experience* of standing before the original works of art.

Imagine then, what it would be like to view celebrated masterpieces in *your own home* – just as they appear in leading museums and the collections of the world's great art patrons! This extraordinary experience is now open to you through a series of remarkable Albums offered to members of the McGraw-Hill Color Slide Program of Art Enjoyment. There has never been anything like it.

A new way to enjoy the world's great art

As a member of this Program, you will gaze in astonishment as Renoir's lovely "Seated Bather" (shown above) appears on your wall *four feet high* – aglow with all the vibrant reds, blues and greens of the Impressionist palette; you will thrill to Rembrandt's celebrated "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer," seen *nearly five feet in height* – and marvel as you view Titian's famed allegorical masterpiece "Sacred and Profane Love" in its *full eight-foot width*, just as it appears in Rome's Borghese Gallery. These are just a few of the scores of magnificent works of art you will see projected in the actual size and full color of the original paintings.

24 Impressionist masterpieces for $1

If you accept this demonstration offer, you will receive a unique Album containing 24 color slides of priceless works by Renoir, Monet, Degas and other important Impressionist painters. These slides are produced in Florence to exacting specifications on 35mm Kodak film in individual 2 x 2 mounts. They set a new standard of faithfulness to the artists' originals, and can be used in any home slide projector. (If you do not own a projector, you may obtain one at very low cost with your trial Album. See special offer on this page.)

The color slides, however, are only one part of this elaborate Album. Included is a profusely illustrated 48-page book by Albert Châtelet, Director of France's renowned Lille Museum – with a guide to each of the slide pictures and the complete story of the Impressionist era.

If this demonstration pleases you, you will be offered a new slide-and-commentary Album as issued, at two month intervals. Among the Albums in this series are *Italian Renaissance Painting*, *The Golden Age of Spanish Painting*, and Albums covering every major art period. As a member, you may accept as few or as many Albums as you wish.

Until today, slide-and-commentary art education was available only in museums or universities. Now, you can benefit from the same kind of expert guidance–and enjoy the world's great masterpieces with your family and invited guests–right in your own home.

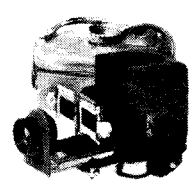
The cost is surprisingly low

The least you might expect to pay for 24 color slides of comparable quality – if the subjects were available from museums and private collections – is $15 to $18. Yet, as a subscriber to this new Program, you pay only $7.95, plus a few cents shipping, *for each complete Album* – including slides and illustrated guide book.

Try the demonstration album for 10 days

Send no money now. We will ship your introductory Color Slide Album of Impressionist Painting and enroll you as a trial subscriber. If you are thrilled with the demonstration and wish to continue with the Program, send only $1, plus a few cents shipping. Thereafter, you will be offered a new Album every two months at the subscribers' low price of only $7.95. If not delighted, however, you may return everything within 10 days, cancel your subscription, and owe nothing.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE A PROJECTOR, here's an unusual opportunity. We have obtained a limited supply of the sensational new Minolta Mini 35, with Rokkor F2.5 wide angle projection lens. This top-rated portable slide projector shows all 35mm slides. List price $37.50—subscribers' price only $14.95 *(including carrying case)*. Because the supply is strictly limited, orders will be filled as received and remittance must accompany trial subscription form. Full refund if projector is returned in 10 days.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

McGraw-Hill Color Slide Program of Art Enjoyment, Dept. TC-103
330 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my trial subscription and send me the introductory *Color Slide Album of Impressionist Painting* (including 24 color slides and illustrated 48-page art book). Bill me only $1, plus a few cents shipping. If I am not delighted with this introductory shipment, I may return everything within 10 days, cancel my subscription, and owe nothing.

If I do continue, you will send me a new Color Slide Album every two months (for 10 days trial examination) and bill me at the subscribers' low price of $7.95, plus shipping. I am not obligated to take any minimum number of Albums, and I may stop whenever I wish.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ Check here if you wish the Minolta Mini 35 Projector included and remit $14.95 with this coupon for projector. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for full refund.

Offer good in U.S.A. only TC-103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Massacre at Quitexe

How many of the goodhearted people who donate dollars to African liberation movements realize that what they may be buying is another massacre at another Quitexe?

BERNARDO TEIXEIRA

NOTE: *Quitexe is a village and a small commercial center located about forty kilometers south of Carmona, the capital of the coffee-rich Uige district in northern Angola (Portuguese West Africa). On the morning of March 15, 1961, Quitexe was the target of bands of African terrorists, disguised as early shoppers. Only the village butcher and his family escaped the massacre. A year later I visited him in his house, and this is how he described to me the events of that morning.*

"From these two windows in this room I can see most of the houses in the village," the butcher began, pointing to specific places as he spoke, "I can see the doors of the two grocery stores, the clothing store, the pharmacy, the hardware and farming store, the gas and oil station, the trading post, the post office. . . . We open our doors for business at eight o'clock sharp, but I get up at six every morning to feed the animals and to cut the meat and sort out the fish. I always eat a good breakfast at seven-thirty, at least a bowl of soup, eggs and sausage, bread and coffee. I always eat well in the morning. That morning, when my wife Maria, my daughter Lourdes and I sit down at the table for breakfast, I cannot even eat my soup! My stomach feels funny, nervous, I think. I say to myself, 'I am not sick, why do I not eat?' . . . My wife turns to me and says, 'Why do you not eat, man, are you sick?' . . . I am not sick but something is wrong. My daughter Lourdes says, 'It is so quiet outside,' and that is indeed funny because at seven-thirty the natives and farmers who come up from the *sanzalas* and farms to do their shopping or trade are usually talking loud and laughing in groups outside while waiting for the stores to open. I go to the window to see. There they are, as usual, the natives and a few white farmers in front of the doors of the stores. But the funny thing is that the natives are not talking loud or joking or laughing. They are kind of huddled in groups, looking sullen or talking low. Even funnier, most of them are wearing their heavy coats, but the morning is warm.

"My daughter turns to me and says, 'Do you think, Papa, that they are hiding something under their coats?' . . . It is now less than a quarter to eight. There is a group of eight natives in front of my door, so I stick my head outside the window and greet them, 'Good morning, boys!' and three of them raise their heads and greet me back, 'Good morning, boss!' . . . But the other five are

like statues. I do not see their faces, I do not know who they are. But I feel something is wrong. We have no telephone from house to house here, so I cannot warn the others. 'Papa, shall I go and warn the other stores that something might be wrong?' my daughter asks, and I whisper back to her, 'You are crazy, girl. Bring the rifles and ammunition quickly.' As I told you, Sir, both Lourdes and myself are good hunters.

"Lourdes and I are kneeling with our loaded rifles by the open window, while my wife stands behind us to hold a third rifle and reload ours. I feel now that something terrible is about to happen and I am ready. The church tower strikes eight o'clock and the doors of the stores start to open and all the groups of natives and the few white farmers walk in. I still hold my head outside the window but I do not yet show my rifle. One of the natives below raises his head, grins at me and asks, 'Open the door, boss,' and I grin back and tell him, 'In a minute, boy, in a minute.'

"It is only a few minutes after eight o'clock, and all of a sudden it is like a hurricane in hell. The most awful screams from everywhere in the village! Horrible screams mostly from women and children! I figure that the terrorists start the slaughter inside the stores and in the other houses exactly at the same time. The screams are so piercing that for a moment Lourdes and I have numb fingers on the trigger. The natives under my window draw the machetes and scatter guns from under their coats and start yelling, *'Mata! UPA! Mata! UPA!'* and chopping away at my door. I say to Lourdes, 'Keep cool, girl, and miss not a bullet.' . . . In thirty seconds we blow the heads off the eight terrorists under my window. The three of them I know from around here look up at me, kind of surprised and indignant, as I shoot at them. They feel I have got no right to shoot them, but they have got the right to murder me and my wife and rape my daughter. It is a funny world!

"The screams become moans, fewer and fewer, because the dead do not complain anymore. A few of the victims, blood all over them, manage to run into the street, but the bandits go after them yelling like crazy, and finish them off and cut their arms or legs or heads off. It is horrible to see this from my window. Lourdes and I are finished with the eight bandits under my window, so now we shoot at the ones chasing our people on the street. My old friend Carvalho, the farmer from Aldeia Vicosa, runs out of the hardware

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

store. He is bleeding, he has no weapon, and two terrorists close in on him for the kill. I aim my rifle and shoot, but I miss the bandits and hit my old friend who drops dead. I cry, 'God forgive me!' but Lourdes quickly kills both terrorists with her repeating rifle. Then I see this child, the little daughter of the clothing store, running into the street, with a big black after her. My wife cries, 'Oh, Lord, have mercy!' . . .And then I see the Land Rover of the doctor from Carmona wheeling down the road and almost hitting the child. The doctor steps on the brakes when he sees the child, but the terrorist pays no attention to the doctor and cuts open the head of the child with his machete. My wife begins to scream and my daughter is sobbing but still holding on to her rifle. The doctor gets his automatic from the glove compartment and shoots the bandit. Like crazy, the doctor jumps out of the Land Rover to go towards a group of yelling terrorists coming out of the pharmacy. I yell at the doctor, 'Doctor, get the hell out of here and give the warning at Carmona!' The doctor returns to his senses, jumps back into the Land Rover, turns around and drives away fast, before the terrorists get him.

"We have lots of ammunition, thank God. So, Lourdes and I keep on firing, we kill a few more and the others disappear behind the houses. Now everything is very quiet, not even a moan I hear. There are only pieces of human bodies on the streets and doorways of the stores and pools of blood everywhere. My wife and Lourdes are sobbing away and I give them big glasses of brandy to steady them. I fear the terrorists are about to storm my house, so our guns are loaded and we are ready to make them pay heavily. I swear I will kill my wife and daughter before the beasts get their hands on them. But everything stays very quiet. I wait. Maria and Lourdes are now saying the rosary and weeping while I keep my watch by the window. Nine o'clock comes and the church bell does not toll. The big birds are flying overhead and I shoot at them to scatter them away. I wait. The terrorists do not come back to my house. Around noontime a platoon of soldiers arrives from Carmona. It is much too late for the dead."

A Blow for Freedom

I intend to write about what happened in 1974 just after we had achieved the Perfect State. Cigarette smoking had been banned not only in banks and airplanes but in all public places, including city streets and the historic site of the Statue of Liberty. A tax of a dollar a pack having been ineffectual in reducing the consumption of cigarettes, the President had been obliged to prohibit the harvesting of tobacco and Bull Durham except for export to other Communist countries, to which we advanced the purchase money.

In the industrial Northeast the smoking of marijuana as a substitute for tobacco was discouraged because its production was limited to the privileged classes who had access, legal or illegal, to backyards; but its use in the form of cigarettes was tolerated because it promoted an euphoria that made the citizens more contented.

About the only solace of self-indulgence left available for incorrigible Conservatives was the practice of hitting themselves on the head with hammers. In the privacy of his home a Conservative would wallop his occiput, saying, "Take that for not hollering bloody murder before the United States doubled the tax on cigarettes for the specious purpose of raising cancer research funds." Other blows for further derelictions would follow in exquisite succession until with his remaining strength the demented man would knock himself out after muttering, "And take that blow for allowing the Liberals to deprive you of your freedom."

This malpractice (discovered by UN spies who insinuated themselves into the homes of suspected Conservatives) became so widespread that His Excellency set up a commission headed by the ex-Chief Justice of the former Supreme Court to study and, of course, prohibit it. The commission employed hundreds of high-salaried experts of all professions. After taking seven tons of sworn testimony the experts came to the startling conclusion that a man who hits himself on the head with a hammer forty times, and, in exceptional cases, as few as twenty times a day, runs grave risk of inducing cancer of the brain.

Although hints of the finding had been leaked by the Managed News Bureau for weeks in advance, the stock market tumbled once again and selfish hammer makers protested that the discovery would bankrupt them and force thousands of laborers out of work. To no avail. The need for an immediate cure of the malady was so acute that the Federal Police Commissar dissolved the Congress and issued an edict. In the most polished legalese the edict prohibited the sale of a hammer weighing more than five-eighths of an ounce to any man or minor male who could not prove in a written examination that he hadn't the strength to hit himself on the head with it and that, moreover, he had never experienced the ineffable pleasure of stopping hitting himself.

Brain cancer followed lung cancer into the limbo of undemocratic diseases. So many Conservatives, being deprived of their sole escape from reality, developed symptoms of hydrophobia that the whole disreputable kit and caboodle of them were adjudged insane. But they were not committed to lethal chambers as they might have been in a less enlightened society. Under the terms of a coexistence treaty with Russia they were permitted to hibernate for limited terms in Siberia. The rest of the populace got what was coming to it in the Perfect State and died sappily ever after.

ALFRED F. LOOMIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Recrudescent Moral Disarmament

You will have observed in the newspapers, gentle reader, large advertisements by that equivocal organization called Moral Rearmament, with its American headquarters at Mackinac Island. A girl college student replied to one of these advertisements—in all innocence. Two days later, three comely young men descended upon her house, proselytizing; and it was all the young lady's parents could manage to drive them away, some hours later. Moral Rearmament—now directed by Mr. Peter Howard, formerly a gay blade in London—is, of course, the creation of the late Frank Buchman. Once upon a time it called itself "the Oxford Group." When Buchman came to his end, not long ago, obituaries were mordant, either side of the Atlantic—but perhaps not mordant enough.

Kirk

Disarming the Duchess

The Moral Rearmament people, who spend immense sums upon newspaper advertising, direct-mail propaganda, and book publication, don't seek to recruit college students alone—though the rising generation is useful for waiting on table at the big MRA conferences. Primarily, MRA seeks to win over the well-heeled—especially the rich old ladies. (One of the slogans of the group used to be, "You can wash dishes with a duchess.")

Do you begin to suspect that I am not an enthusiast for MRA? No, I'm not. Don't I think it does good? Definitely not. Don't I think its leaders are sincere? Why, friends, since we cannot know the heart, we must judge men by their actions. And I have seen the MRA crew in action.

Commencing about 1918, MRA has changed its colors, chameleon-like, with the winds of doctrine. It has known its Freudian period, its Hitler period, its neutralist period. Nowadays it declares, *ad nauseam*, "America needs an ideology!" Since ideology is political delusion and fanaticism, that is precisely what these United States don't need. But the wealthy old ladies are not much schooled in the proper vocabulary of politics.

A sober and overwhelming little analysis of Buchmanism, when the "Oxford Group" was riding high in England, was published in 1933 by the late Hensley Henson, Anglican Bishop of Durham: *The Group Movement* (Oxford University Press.). The attention of Bishop Henson was first called to the "Groupists" when he received an invitation to a house-party which—so ran the letter—"has been planned under the guidance of the Holy Spirit." MRA still is great for parties (no strong drink, though, and the food is mostly rice), but it has pretty well given up talking about the Holy Ghost as organizer, since a good many Buddhists have been recruited. The MRA cult still recommends a "quiet hour" or "quiet period" with God, however—who is supposed to give one prudential advice instanter, on mundane concerns.

Most of the people attracted to MRA are sincere if somewhat fuzzy-minded folk who sense that the time is out of joint. What to do about crime, wild youth, etc., etc., etc.,? Why, get into the Movement, naturally. One may drift pleasantly along with MRA for decades, nothing being required of one except occasional attendance at house-parties and conferences and plays by Mr. Howard—and contributions to the funds. And one feels so benevolent.

The MRA propaganda incessantly emphasizes four Absolutes: Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, and Absolute Love. When the techniques of group dynamics are employed at the MRA conferences, one is tempted to add that the Buchmanites also advocate Absolute Absolutism. Means are employed to prevent any definition or explanation of these Absolutes. Extravagant claims, wholly unjustified in fact, are made for the achievement of MRA throughout the world. Occasionally some public man long past his prime (such as it was)—an ex-senator from Wisconsin, for instance—is enticed into an endorsement of the Movement; more commonly, this or that well-known person is quoted out of context in the MRA publications, to make it appear that he, too, is a disciple of Frank Buchman. At the Mackinac sessions, the MRA orators claim to have solved the menace of the Mau Mau in Kenya, the strife of North Africa, and Lord knows what difficulties. "If it weren't for Moral Rearmament, what would we have in South Africa today?" demands an MRA emissary from that land. "Bloody revolution! Bloody revolution!"

Save Your Shekels

In theology, MRA is a kind of caricature of vestigial Quakerism *cum* Unitarianism *cum* Buddhism. Instead of morally "rearming" it disarms: for it reduces duties to sentimental sloganizing, proposes an impossible direct communication with the Deity, and encourages men and women (some unknowing, some conscious) to live a lie. Professing to attack materialism, the movement actually provides a means for the smug and well-heeled to bask, considerably comfortable, in mutual admiration.

This age is full of silly folk and charlatans, and your servant has not been invested with sufficient prophetic afflatus to redeem every fool from his folly. MRA is not worth wasting many words upon. But because of a Buchmanite campaign just now to enlist naive college students, and because of parental inquiries, I suggest that you brighten the corner where you are—and refrain from expending your hours and your shekels upon the topless towers of MRA at Mackinac and Caux.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Ideology Possessed

JEFFREY HART

It is difficult to talk about James Gould Cozzens without bringing up the savage treatment he has been receiving recently from critics and reviewers. This is a pity. Several of the stories in his current volume I will never forget, and to talk about the reception of his work is in one sense an irrelevancy. Nevertheless, it really ought to be said that the critics' attacks upon Cozzens have been politically motivated; and, though I am sorry to have to say it, this comes close to pointing out that, as literary critics, they have been operating in bad faith.

Reviewing *Children and Others* on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review,* Professor Frederick C. Crews of Berkeley spends about half the space castigating Cozzens for what amount to political heresies. Cozzens, we learn, is a bigot, he is interested in social status, he is illiberal, he doesn't hate the rich. Crews even compares him to Barry Goldwater. Now this review might be written off as a mere eccentricity. But when one turns to the *N.Y. Herald Tribune* reviewer, Jean Stafford, whose piece appeared on the same Sunday, one finds that the main objection to Cozzens is that his characters come from the wrong social class. In the bad old genteel days, certain social strata were considered beneath the notice of the respectable writer; but now, under the new dispensation, some are to be regarded, evidently, as above it. Cozzens is thus a sort of transmogrified Dreiser. His excursions into proscribed subject matter violate all the canons of what respectable opinion considers decent and fitting.

Children and Others, by James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, $5.95

Neither Professor Crews nor Miss Stafford has anything at all intelligent to say about Cozzens' stories themselves. Completely irrelevant considerations are brought to bear. Thus the sort of "criticism" that in the name of political virtue bullied Ernest Hemingway into writing his very worst things, *The Fifth Column* and *To Have and Have Not,* and was pleased to tell Scott Fitzgerald that he was more or less irrelevant to the *Zeitgeist,* has now sharpened the knife for Cozzens. Do those people care for literature, really? Do they listen to a story before coming up with a cultural-political *position* about it? I seem to recall that Dwight Macdonald, than whom the *Zeitgeist* has no more faithful servant, and who wrote an essay "showing up" Ernest Hemingway—just think of *that,* for a moment—has also written a famous one "showing up" Cozzens.

But let us turn to worthier things, the stories in Cozzens' current volume. One of the best is called "Eyes To See." Professor Crews dismisses this one out of hand. "The most recent contribution, 'Eyes To See,'" he says, "is in fact the most archaic in style, and it handles its potentially touching theme—a son's discovery that his dead mother had her own existence as a woman, apart from his idealized conception of her—with such ponderous indirection and shallow theorizing that the effect is inadvertently comic." Professor Crews' sentence contains so little truth that one is all but helpless before it. Just where is one to start? The story isn't archaic in style. The narrator *is* looking back upon a decisive and moving experience of his adolescence, and his adult voice sets in relief, dramatizes, his boyhood naiveté and vulnerability. Archaic? To listen to Crews, you would think it had been written in the style of Sir Thomas Browne or someone of the sort. But no, it is written in uncommonly lucid, though formal, prose.

Now, what is the story *about*? The narrator's mother does play an important role. We are told of her sudden death, years ago, while she still seemed in the bloom of health, and of the long distance phone call to the narrator's prep school (and how decent they were to him there), and of the train ride home, the funeral, and the gathering of relatives he had never seen before. Yes, he begins to think about his mother's life as a girl and young woman; but the real subject of the story, and it is handled with extraordinary skill, is the moment when a young man begins to *see* the world in all its surprising variety. And Cozzens gives this discovery a comic turn. One relative who shows up is an uncle who runs a school for retarded children; but he turns out to be the son of one Theophilus Pell, leader of a wild Protestant sect that practiced communal marriage and experienced direct revelation. The uncle is virile, sympathetic, yet weird, and he brings home to the narrator the unforeseen peculiarity of the world, and of the past, and we see how close behind the rationalistic façade of his respectable family (his mother is to be cremated, his father is a behavioristic alienist) there lies the most bizarre and passionate history imaginable.

Like "Eyes To See," most of the stories in the volume concern childhood and adolescence, and many of them date from early in Cozzens' career. For admirers of his novels, they have the interest of introducing themes the major works explore, and, since they are semi-autobiographical, of showing how those themes became a central concern.

"Child's Play," about the relations between a boy, his Boston father, and his Southern grandfather, is one of the best of these childhood stories; to summarize its plot would be unjust to its lyrical tenderness and to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its larger meanings. A number of the other stories revolve around a prep school called Durham, and they deal honestly, and movingly, with adolescence, its ambivalent relation to authority, and its deeply felt emotions. One of Cozzens' crimes, of course, is that he finally comes down on the side of the school. The headmaster sometimes bullies or seems harsh, but he wants his boys to be gentlemen; the older boys can be unthinking, but decent, too. And there are crew races, the songs, the football games, and the colors of autumn. Sympathetic response to this sort of thing, no doubt, is beneath the dignity of the moralist: Professor Crews writes of "the Dink Stover atmosphere of Durham," and instructs us that "it is not hard to connect the old-school-tie attitude of these tales to the prejudices that mar his later work."

As can be gathered from all this, one of Cozzens' worst crimes in the eyes of the reviewers is his awareness of social class. All right-thinking book reviewers know there's no such thing, or at least there shouldn't be, and soon won't be; and meanwhile the less said about it the better. Cozzens thus has had the temerity to repossess one of the traditional concerns of fiction, the ways in which people differ with respect to social role, and how this affects their manners and morals. He is even reckless enough to believe — brace yourself! — that wealth and position can produce valuable qualities. To be sure, awareness of social class has always been pretty much repressed in American fiction, and, indeed, seldom becomes explicit in polite conversation; and for this there are obvious historical causes. Social class is our unmentionable subject, really; *not,* as Leslie Fiedler's fashionable theory would have it, the wish to have homosexual relations with Negroes and Indians (a wish, to tell the truth, that, after patient searching, I have not encountered in the spectrum of my own desires).

African Paradox

THOMAS MOLNAR

A RECENT SYMPOSIUM on Africa deplored the passing of "tranquility, happiness, and spontaneity" from the black continent. This is a reinvention of the "noble savage" dreamland in which the African traveler simply did not recognize what he saw. Such utopian constructions do service to nobody: between the idyllic images of pre-colonial black men and the calls for revolution by leftist agitators all the way from New York to Peking, the reader is first baffled, then loses interest. Africa is either unknowable, he concludes, or is not worth knowing.

Mrs. Huxley's book brings us back to reality through her intimate knowledge of the continent. It is a veritable encyclopaedia of its Eastern parts: vegetation, wildlife, landscape; the parade of colonial officials, new leaders, old tribes, new social classes. Her descriptions do more honor to emerging Africa than reams of nonsense on *négritude* or African socialism, because she takes her subject with neither condescension nor exaltation. Although we follow her through three countries only—Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika—the whole continent is reflected in what she writes.

Some critics might argue that Africa, a "continent in movement," should not be thus fixed on paper in the midst of its transition period. Indeed, since Mrs. Huxley's recent visit, Zanzibar has revolted and joined Tanganyika, army mutinies have broken out in the three countries she visited, and the legendary Lord Delamere's statue in Nairobi has been replaced by Jomo Kenyatta's. But the virtue of Mrs. Huxley's book is precisely that it penetrates to what is permanent beneath the fluid situation. With a few sketches she anchors her stories in the African *milieu.* Her descriptions revive the traveler's unforgettable impressions of the red earth, the forests' dark green luxuriance, the riotously red and purple sunsets. Even the way she records interviews catches the typical African approach to race, society, state-building.

This book, then, fixing the so-called transition period on its pages, tells all the essential things about Africa, old and new at the same time. In her quiet way the author outlines and illustrates the African paradox, obscured by progressivist dogma: the new states must Africanize their cadre, hence drive out the whites; yet, without the whites (not as UN or Peace Corps meddlers but as residents) the future is questionable. The fabric will be ripped at seams now only partly visible.

Some of the strains are obvious. Mrs. Huxley quotes a black writer, D. Chisiza: "Africans are penetrating observers, relying more on intuition than on the process of reasoning. They reject Eastern mysticism and Western science and technology, and concentrate on human relations: family, clan, tribe . . . and on generating warmth and love." This is charming and poetic, but it is unsatisfactory. The Africans want to build modern, industrial, efficient societies, and they dismiss counsels of prudence and gradualness as sabotaging the "revolution"; how will they manage without science, technology, and the process of reasoning?

Another flaw in the future that Mrs. Huxley points out is the extreme conservatism and anti-individualism of the social structure. The tribe has been everything, the individual nothing; innovators have been denounced, intimidated, put to death by neighbors, elders, witch doctors. Even today, the individual's efforts are thwarted, absorbed by tribal obligations, parasitism, and palavering.The man who gets ahead is engulfed by demands for aid from close and distant relatives; he is tempted by corruption; he becomes the target of envy and malevolence. More often than not he finds his way abroad and stays there. His country, in dire need of educated and competent men, limps along under an even heavier burden because of his absence.

No wonder that with such handicaps (unreported abroad because too subtle and puzzling for the slogan-spreading press, but immediately evident to the traveler) unrealism becomes a quasi-obligation. It is not a

With Forks and Hope, An African Notebook, by Elspeth Huxley. Morrow, $5.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question of the superhuman efforts of some black statesmen, nor even of the necessity of building more or less dictatorial regimes, since all forces in Africa, except those operating *within* the tribe, are centrifugal. Rampant unrealism is created by the clash between what Africa is and what it wants to be. The place of the tribe was taken, a century ago, by the white governor and his staff; now, as they depart, the tribe remains discredited and tomorrow's state structure insecure. No wonder that the whites are accused of leaving a vacuum. "The British Government," Mrs. Huxley's Kenyan businessman friend says, "is like a father who builds a big, expensive house with many rooms and says to his son: 'Now you have come of age and must take over this house, but I won't give you anything to pay for the upkeep.' The British Government should give us the money that is needed to keep up this big house of Kenya."

Mrs. Huxley understands that the colonial era was not, as the cliché has it, the superimposition of a white layer on a black one, exploiter and victim. It was an interaction, a cross-fertilization between Europe and Africa. Only the Indian remained a stranger on the continent, not the white man who so powerfully shaped it. A drama of which little is said today, but which is nostalgically noted by the author, is that of the uprooted whites who await "repatriation." But the *patrie* was Africa, and it takes heroism to remain on the job while others are urgently trained to take over one's place. There is perhaps a parallel between the vanishing white man and the vanishing wild life.

Diplomat and Warrior in Tandem

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

AMBASSADOR MURPHY'S book is a moving panorama of American diplomacy over the turbulent period 1940-1963. Its outstanding value lies in its concern with the little understood but vitally important problems of coordinating diplomacy and military policy and directing them in a common effort toward the achievement of national objectives. This became Murphy's specialty during the quarter-century from the fall of France in 1940 until his recent retirement from the Foreign Service: he was a State Department pioneer in this field, theretofore almost unknown to American diplomacy.

Diplomat Among Warriors, by Robert Murphy. Doubleday, $6.95

Murphy's duties as special representative of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and as political adviser to General Eisenhower—in North Africa, Italy, and occupied Germany—began by improvisation of the development of a military-diplomatic teamwork which became a vital necessity in the years that followed. "Those were the years," observes the publisher's foreword to the book, "when [American] diplomats and warriors learned that they would have to work together far more closely than they had ever done in the past." As the Ambassador proceeds with his narrative to the years of the Berlin blockade, the Korean War, the Suez crisis and the troubles in Lebanon, Guatemala, and the Belgian Congo, it becomes obvious to the reader not only that Mr. Murphy is gaining in expertise as he goes along, but that American military and diplomatic personnel are finding double-harness a little more comfortable with the passage of time.

One begins to wish that the changing drivers—Presidents and Secretaries of State—could manage the team a little more skillfully so as to make the most of the improvements. As for Secretaries of Defense—who might be supposed to share in this responsibility—it is rather startling to note that Murphy mentions only one of the several gentlemen who occupied that office during his career, and that as a passing reference. His narrative ends before the personality of Robert S. McNamara had become notable at the seat of government. However, President Roosevelt's policy of dealing directly with the Chiefs of Staff on matters concerning the conduct of the war left little scope for civilian secretaries to influence wartime policy; one gathers the implication that Mr.

USE THIS COUPON

NATIONAL REVIEW
150 East 35th Street
New York 16, New York

Gentlemen:

Please send me _____ copies of your special Kreuttner supplement.

(Price: 25c per copy, or 100 copies for $20.00. Please enclose payment with all orders under $5.00. Thank you.)

I Enclose $_____

☐ Please Send Bill

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

State _____

To Order Your Copies Of This Special Supplement

ORDER NOW
While the Supply Lasts!

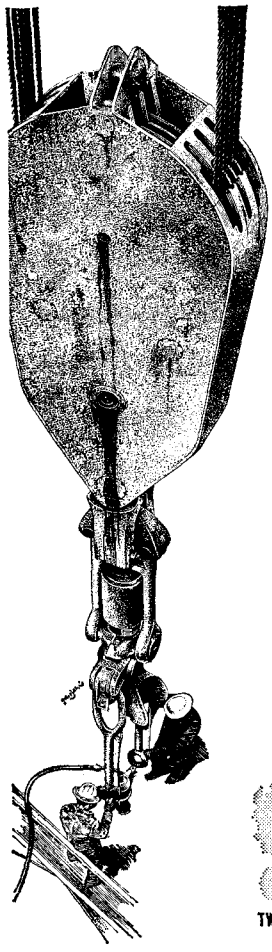
PRICES:

A single copy 25c

100 copies $20.00

(Bulk prices on request)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Where you find OIL
. . . you find TWIN DISC

Wherever man goes in his search for petroleum, Twin Disc power transmission equipment goes too. For more than 45 years, Twin Disc has supplied the oil industry with a complete line of clutches, fluid couplings, and torque converters for the express purpose of making drilling and oil-well servicing more efficient and more economical. Remember too, that the Engineering and Service departments at Twin Disc are ready to assist you in solving any of your oilfield drive problems.

ENGINE TO AXLE WITH... TWIN DISC POWER TRANSMISSION EQUIPMENT

TWIN DISC CLUTCH COMPANY, Racine Wisconsin, • HYDRAULIC DIVISION, Rockford, Illinois

The University of Dallas has an exciting POLITICS & ECONOMICS DEPT. headed by:

WILLMOORE KENDALL

It's an unusual school, emphasizing a thoroughgoing exploration of the traditional with topnotch programs in the sciences, literature, languages, dramatic literature, art, and other disciplines. Find out about it.

Write to Admissions Counsellor,
University of Dallas Station, Texas 75061

Murphy feels this relationship was quite satisfactory.

The Ambassador is decidedly not a wishful thinker, and his references to the illusions and clichés of the times he deals with are astringent. Writing of the unhappy results of Woodrow Wilson's "brashly forcing the issue of self-determination" in Europe after World War I, he adds that the former President's "sweeping ideas and superficial knowledge of the practical aspects of European life helped promote European disintegration." He notes in the period 1914-16 the illusive but seductive American assumption "that we had the power of choice" and could "stay out of war" if we wanted to hard enough.

More fateful by far than these and other aberrations which Mr. Murphy remarks upon, however, was the overriding obsession shared by President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull and other influential Americans that "the United States and Soviet Russia could become partners in peace because circumstances had made them partners in war." This "climate of opinion" dominated American and to some extent Allied diplomacy from the moment it became clear that the Allies were winning the war. "Everything possible must be done to win the confidence of Stalin and his associates" became a guide-line of American policy. Many sacrifices were laid on this false altar. The Russians were invited, quite unnecessarily, to share in the occupation of Italy.

Eisenhower's sensible idea of retaining the Anglo-American command machinery for joint command of the U.S. and British zones of occupation in Germany after the war was shelved because the Russians objected, and were not to be antagonized because of the illusion that their help was needed against Japan. Murphy's repeated attempts to secure a clear statement in writing of Allied access rights to the city of Berlin were turned down because Ambassador John G. Winant, in London, who was in charge of the plans for German occupation, feared this might "upset" the Russians. They were, he said, "inclined to suspect our motives anyway, and if we insisted on this technicality, we would intensify their distrust." Mr. Winant did not propose to jeopardize his "close personal relationship" with Soviet Ambassador

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gusev, "the fruit of months of patient effort."

"So," observes Mr. Murphy drily, "the matter of a defined right of access to Berlin was left hanging—and it is still hanging today. . . . The deliberate decision not to seek a specific understanding on the Berlin access question had a disastrous aftermath. . . . It was a personal decision based on the all-too-prevalent American theory that individual friendships can determine national policy. Soviet policymakers and diplomats never operate on that theory."

Ambassador Murphy firmly believes that an opportunity to correct the Berlin access situation presented itself when the Soviets started their Berlin blockade in 1948. He and General Clay, U.S. military governor, wanted to challenge the blockade by moving up a small military force to the checkpoint at Helmstedt and informing the Russians that we were moving in and taking charge of the road to Berlin ourselves. But the Joint Chiefs of Staff, extremely conscious of the decline of our armed forces due to headlong demobilization, thought we were much too weak to take chances, and President Truman would not agree without JCS approval. Murphy is convinced we were outbluffed, and notes this as "the occasion in my long career where I feel I should have resigned in public protest against Washington's policy. . . . I suffered anguish over this decision of our government not to challenge the Russians when they blockaded Berlin, and I still deeply regret that I was associated with an action which caused Soviet leaders to downgrade United States determination and capability, and led, I believe, to the subsequent Communist provocation in Korea."

Ambassador Murphy writes with a pleasant, easy and at times humorous style which is comfortable to read and lively enough to sustain interest. He also throws light into a number of dark corners which have remained heretofore unilluminated. For example, it was not so long ago that Belgian mining interests (Union Minière) in the Congo were taking quite a beating in the United States press for supposedly supporting the secession of Katanga. Yet Mr. Murphy recalls that in 1940, when our scientists were frantically seeking uranium for the A-bomb project, the chairman of Union Minière produced 1,000 tons of uranium ore which he had secretly shipped to New York after learning that it was going to be needed shortly. It was the first consignment of a steady flow of uranium which Union Minière continued to make available for our A-bomb needs at very reasonable cost.

This book is a MUST.

Commentary

Issues of Catholic Freedom

FROM MURRAY KEMPTON:

Garry Wills launches his barque [*Politics and Catholic Freedom*, reviewed by Will Herberg, *NR*, Aug. 25] from that noisy little port where Wm. F. Buckley Jr. wondered aloud whether Pope John XXIII's first major encyclical risked being remembered only as a "venture in triviality" and was thereafter set upon by a host of the clerisy. But Mr. Wills voyages thereafter, with a hand firm and delicate, over seas so much wider and through straits so much narrower than anything in the basin from which he started that when he touches port again, his passengers must have trouble believing that any adventure of such dimensions could have begun from a harbor so small and so poorly equipped.

We publish from time to time communications elicited by reviews or articles in the Books-Arts-Manners *section. Herewith Murray Kempton comments on Garry Wills'* Politics and Catholic Freedom, *reviewed by Professor Will Herberg in our issue of August 25. Wm. F. Buckley Jr. replies to Mr. Kempton.*

Small cases then make good lessons. *Politics and Catholic Freedom* is an examination of the means of discourse and the hope of order in the body of the Church which shelters both Mr. Buckley and the editors of *America*. The peculiar importance of that Church has always seemed to lie in the things of which it reminds us rather than in anything which it discovers. That is Mr. Wills' strength too; he is especially forceful when he reminds us of things we did not know we knew. He progresses with such grace through country so dense that, informed by him, I should like to attempt to explain to myself why the tradition he celebrates so heartfully and examines so rigorously should be so neglected in our nation and our century that his lesson, which is only a reminder, should have fallen upon me—as it almost certainly will on most of his readers—with the clap of revelation.

A Jesuit of my acquaintance told me once that he had been reading *God and Man at Yale* and that he had decided that Mr. Buckley was a sort of cafeteria Catholic, taking the blueberry pie one day and the cherry the next, as his fancy told him, but not yet conscious enough of the morrow. I do not call upon this observation to quarrel with Mr. Buckley—it merely seemed to me simple fairness to identify its object. Its value is above all impersonal, for its use is to describe the condition, if not of religious faith, at least of religious discussion. We are a nation whose theological diet is catered by short-order cooks. What my friend said serves less well to describe Mr. Buckley as philosopher than to place him as American.

We are also a nation which finds the authority of the priest more useful for invocation against our enemies than for application to ourselves. It is, for example, American for me to have cited "a Jesuit" as a source of judgment on Mr. Buckley as a Catholic. Now, I can find every reason except a personal one to quarrel with Mr. Buckley, but my own soul is hardly so permeated by grace as to entitle me to question the state of his. So, being an American, I automatically whistle up a priest. That is a polite form of that special sort of Americanism which leads Mrs. Madalyn Murray's enemies to write her notes like, "Jesus Christ will fix you." The wrath which fell upon Mr. Buckley after his comments on *Mater et Magistra* came quite often from men in orders, and the possession of orders

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave them an authority which should have been the more carefully rationed, not just for the disproportionate weight it has upon the saved, but because of the undeserved comfort it extends to the unsaved. Many of those of us who are in the field against Mr. Buckley would never think to bow our heads to the Cross except when it is withdrawn from him. As Americans nothing affronts us more than an *auto-da-fé* and nothing delights us more than the ceremony of expulsion from the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

The discussion with which the Buckley matter began and was pressed on both sides was so badly and indifferently cooked that Mr. Wills escapes with obvious pleasure to the nineteenth century and the argument over papal supremacy between then Father John Henry Newman, who doubted it, and William George Ward, who exulted in it. I rather wish in this one case that Mr. Wills had departed from his adherence to the impersonal and gone rather more into the character of those two large opposites. There was a great deal about Ward which reminds me of the parties in the Buckley controversy. One difference, after all, between him and Newman was that Ward was not a serious man and Newman was. Ward's *confrères* in the Oxford movement were never easy with what seemed to them his "great boy" tone; John Keble's brother, Tom, speaks of Ward's "particular delight . . . in speaking provokingly." The levity of the young Ward was made of the same stuff as the orthodoxy of the older one; and the prevalence of the wisecrack in the Buckley dispute indicates, I am afraid, an unfortunately Wardian cast, no more in Mr. Buckley's summary of his case ("Mater, Sí! Magistra, No!") than in *The Catholic Review's* summary of the results: "Box Score at the end of one full inning, Pope—1; NATIONAL REVIEW—0."

The general taint of levity and the malnutrition of the mind to be expected from the national habit of eating at automats made it, I am afraid, particularly difficult for American Catholics to deal with the extraordinary figure of Pope John. Some of Mr. Wills' best lessons engage the Church as resistance to the spirit of its age. At bottom, Mr. Buckley and his enemies each represent an expression of the spirit of their age, which Mr. Buckley thinks is hard anti-Communism and his clerico-critics think, in rough summary, is the brotherhood of man. Mr. Buckley's critics seem to me closer to the sense of Pope John than Mr. Buckley is; but neither seems to have understood what John was—even though I can think of nothing more obvious to anyone, even myself, with the remotest sense of history.

For Pope John is best understood as a figure from the Counter-Reformation. Seventeenth-century Catholicism has a bad name with Catholics, but then everything that has happened to their Church between the thirteenth century and our own seems to have a bad name with Catholics, all of whom are ashamed of the Pope who lit bonfires to celebrate Saint Bartholomew's Day but almost none of whom know of the Pope who prayed that William of Orange would humble Louis XIV. The seventeenth-century Church suffered from bad Catholic kings but it was redeemed by noble Catholic spirits. And Pope John quite obviously drew his notions of stewardship from Saint Charles Borromeo, a cardinal of Milan, and

the spirit of his message from the great lesson of Saint Francis de Sales, which was that he who preaches love will never preach heresy.

Such was the age of Pope John's sources. It was hard for us to recognize him because his seemed so much like the spirit of the age for which Liberal Catholics have longed for so many years. I would not blame Liberal Catholics if I could; they have endured a long while under a dispensation narrow, conformist and unadventurous. The priest who speaks of his Church as the adjunct of a billiard parlor echoes the judgment which Gladstone once heard and which was the spring for revolt in the Oxford movement: "The Church of England is a damn big building with an organ inside." Above the priest stood Cardinal McIntyre who waits his place in the Book of Martyrs until the angels authorize a classified section with listings under real estate. (Oh, Lord, there's the spirit of William George Ward again.) Below them is a flock as badly educated as they could have been in our public schools and generally the more submissive to authority for being at the core so indifferent. And then came Roncalli bringing a spirit so old that it looked new—always preaching love and thus uniquely safe from heresy. The temptation to seize upon him was so plausible that I cannot bring myself to condemn its victims. They were Americans, which meant that they are accustomed to revere a cause by the weight of the names on a letterhead.

And they were American Catholics, which meant that they had grown up in an atmosphere of authority the more rigid because it was founded on a native ignorance of what the Church truly conceives its authority to be. They wanted to be part of a social church—and that is a proper aspiration. When they were young, they had been wounded when Cardinal Hayes told those New York Catholics who happened to be members of their state legislature that it was their moral duty to vote against a constitutional amendment abolishing child labor. But they had noticed too how many of those legislators accepted their Cardinal's judgment. It was not a spectacle to give them much confidence in the Catholic layman's capacity to judge for himself. Now, of course, to trust the fidelity to principle of an Irish politician is to act on faith more than reason, but to act on faith is Catholic wisdom which it is dangerous to ignore. In the thirties, the Bishops were against anti-child labor and now they are for the closed shop; they were wrong the first time and I doubt if they are entirely right now. But the social churchmen, I am afraid, had accepted the argument that the faithful can be moved only by being driven; and now the AFL-CIO invokes the name of the Bishops for its cause with the assurance that, for Catholic laymen,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authority closes the question. That assurance used to belong to the Chamber of Commerce when it invoked the Cardinal against child labor laws. A sensible man has, I think, to prefer the unions to the National Association of Manufacturers; but he is wrong in any case who closes all arguments by invocation.

We come back to the formula: "End of First Inning, Pope—1, Buckley—0." That would not happen to be the business which Angelo Roncalli was about. He was not playing Buckley, and I am sure that Buckley will agree that Pope John is not even, and should not especially be, playing Nikita Khrushchev on terms susceptible to no higher final judgment than the statistical bureau of the National League.

Pope John was voyaging as fishermen must. He knew, as Mr. Wills reminds us, that God does not direct men to the earthly paradise; but he trusted God enough not to believe that He enjoys the malnutrition of children and the hatred of nations. And he trusted God's mercy enough to believe that He would be proud of children who could engage and eliminate the worst malignities and the least useful sufferings of this world. The message of these encyclicals was therefore, "Let us reason together." He deserved more than to have his letter seized and his spirit unnoticed.

Mr. Wills reminds me most of all that it is the function of the Church to resist the spirit of its time. The two sides in the *Mater et Magistra* controversy owe Mr. Wills their gratitude for, and their attention to, his demonstration of the danger any man runs when he gives way too far to his personal notion of the spirit of his time. Mr. Buckley is a loyal child of the Church for many reasons, and he might remember that his faith does not grow or diminish to the degree that its Supreme Pontiff can be read as soldier or slacker in the Cold War. And his critics might remember the dangers of a tone which suggests to your poor, simple, ignorant auditors that a man could be in danger of the fires of Hell for supporting right-to-work laws. Hell is a place with more serious standards for admission; to suggest it is otherwise is to destroy the respect its proprietor deserves and lose all proportion about the wages of sin.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. REPLIES

A few years ago Mr. Kempton wrote in a review that after all I am not Gilbert Chesterton, and now he writes that after all I am not John Henry Newman. Let me take the opportunity to spare him further taxonomic speculation by admitting that I am not Aristotle either, though a) I share with Aristotle that concern for logical thought which makes so painful the experience of reading much of Mr. Kempton's prose, b) I understand as apparently Mr. Kempton does not why John Newman felt it necessary to contribute to the disjunctive, rather than the ecumenical, spirit of nineteenth-century Christianity; and c) I observe, with Chesterton, that Lucifer fell from the force of gravity, an insight utterly alien to the solemn fathers of *America* whom Mr. Garry Wills has, in his splendid volume, sought so eloquently to edify.

Nor do I share Mr. Kempton's evident contempt for William George Ward, whom in certain respects I would seek rather to emulate than shrink from any association with. "Ideal" Ward, as he was fondly known, was unlike myself many things: a profound philosopher and a great teacher; and a most salutary rational force in an age when Rationalism was thought to be something we had been given as the result of the wanton genetic impulses of the apes. What similarities there are between us are purely coincidental. Ward wrote a book about the sad estate of God and man at Oxford, of which mine is an anemic imitation. And he founded a society in which he permitted membership to Thomas Huxley and John Ruskin, an act of toleration which I can hardly claim to imitate merely by permitting, nay welcoming, Murray Kempton to the pages of this journal.

I am sorry that Mr. Kempton spends so very much time on my quarrel with *America*. It is as though in a review of the *Apologia* Mr. Kempton had spent most of the time musing on the character of Charles Kingsley. I am to be sure as grateful that Kingsley provoked the *Apologia* as I am that I provoked *Politics and Catholic Freedom*, and hazard the guess that in decades to come the two volumes, published one hundred years apart, will be treated together in all discussions that center on points dealt with by both Newman and Wills: in which

HOW TO ARGUE AND WIN!

Did you ever come out second best in a discussion... see your proposal voted down ...lose a raise or sale... **when all the facts were on your side?**

Don't ever let it happen again!

In his new book, THE ART OF ARGUMENT, Giles St. Aubyn shows you how to nail your opponents' appeals to prejudice and emotion for what they are. You learn how to think clearly . . . arrange your thoughts **logically** . . . present **convincingly,** whether verbally or in writing, formally or informally.

Infinitely more useful for most people than a post-graduate course in logic, St. Aubyn's approach is excitingly easy to master. It is based on situations which arise almost daily in family and business life, in conferences and meetings at church, lodge and PTA groups.

Once you learn to spot "special pleadings" and "emotive terms" in the argument of your adversary, there are very simple ways to overcome them with irrefutable reason.

Learn, too, how to separate facts from empty words in political platforms, newspaper stories, advertisements. How to judge **impartially** the pros and cons of tax reduction, racial equality, cigarette smoking, Medicare. And see how this mastery of logic benefits you in every phase of life!

TRY THIS VITAL NEW APPROACH TO SUCCESS—AT OUR RISK!

Read **The Art of Argument** and put its commonsense principles to use. You must find yourself winning support for your every constructive aim, **or simply return the book after 30 days for immediate refund.** You risk nothing! Mail only $2.95 now to

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 166-P
251 W. 19th St. New York 11, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beware The "Wise-Guy" In Art

He's Everywhere, & He's Out to Destroy You

You'll know him by his smart-aleck tone—by his delivering positive verdicts on matters that are plainly open to doubt. Don't be his easy mark.

Test Your Resisting-Power Against These Seven Actual Cases!

The Storm, Cot

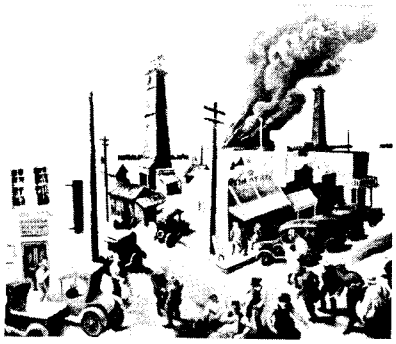
1. "For all the signposts such as billowing drapery and bodily attitudes pointing out that the figures are supposed to be running, there is no expression of flight. The lovers remain forever on tiptoe."

—A typically arrogant wise-guyism intended to make you realize what an ignoramus you are compared to a "truly artistic person". Don't fall for it. It's a fake. To the vast majority of people the effect of "running" is very well conveyed here, as shown by actual experiment.

Van der Goes

2. "He leans forward in amazement; his face is filled with joy and reverence and almost with fright. He dares lean no closer, but his eyes start with wild curiosity as he strains forward. No head in the history of painting, of any period, surpasses this one in psychological revelation, through explicitly realistic representation."

—It's fifty years since anybody has taken seriously this myth about faces revealing character, as both your police department and the encyclopedia will tell you. And yet here's an "authority" concocting a purely personal "reading" of a man's character as though it were inevitable and then using it to justify an extravagant verdict.



Boom Town, Benton

4. "The artificiality of his style seems out of key with the folksiness of his subject, leaving us with the feeling that although he wanted to get to the heart of his material, he managed only to observe it from the outside and record it inappropriately."

Laocoon

5. "We are amazed — but we are not moved . . . . The Laocoon will always be a popular work, but it will never tell anybody anything much about the human spirit."

Queen Christina, Holbein

6. "If the figure were truly centered it would relay to us the impression of a much more foursquare, more obvious, more everyday woman."

—In certain psychological tests conducted among college students by their professors not a single student out of the hundred and ninety who took the tests reacted in the manner predicted. Most reputable institutions feel an obligation to verify positive statements of this sort. Failure to do so simply indicates how sure they are of your being too thoroughly subjugated (or stupid) to investigate for yourself.

The above two comments illustrate one of the "wise guy's" favorite tricks for luring you into positivism — namely by using certain portentous-sounding descriptive terms as though — having done so — anybody with at least the brains of an infant would know exactly what conclusions of goodness or badness to draw therefrom. It's as narrow (and out-of-date) as were the descriptive terms ("decadent", "meretricious", "insane", "chaotic", "corrupt" etc.) by which critics (fifty years ago) attempted to vilify Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse and other artists who failed to conform to the accepted rules of the day. Hundreds of famous artists employ "artificial styles", "record inappropriately" and "observe only from the outside" — and do it intentionally. As many others would strongly resent any obligation to "tell anybody anything about the human spirit" — not because there was necessarily anything "wrong" about it, but because it would soon give art a single-track, pedantic flavor — as monotonous and self-defeating as would an obligation to impart a "moral lesson". To exclude any flavors as invariably "bad" and adopt others as invariably "good" merely impoverishes art. It's as futile as endeavoring to appraise ice cream on the basis of its being a "frigid, soggy substance with the crispness of a wet sponge."

The Duke

3. . ."one of the extraordinary portraits of any time, a supreme example of the revelation of personality in spite of seemingly insuperable difficulties. . . . Piero took the ruined profile, the coarse hair, even the warts on the face, and patterned them into a design revealing the strength, decision, intelligence and abstract beauty—for, as drawn by Piero, the line of the duke's profile has become abstractly beautiful — of one of the most compelling personalities of the age. . . . A landscape can enhance the mood of a picture; the role of the serene background behind Federigo (the duke) becomes clear if we imagine his profile played against a stormy scene: our previous impression of the great clarity and decision of his intellect would be much changed."

—If anything, this is even sillier than the comment about the Van der Goes. Place the duke against a stormy (instead of serene) background and the "great clarity of his intellect might seem (to dupes of character-revelation, that is) all the more evident from his being able to retain it under such circumstances. And as for the equally absurd assertion about the line of the duke's profile being "abstractly beautiful," you have only to remember John Sloan's shrewd remark: "who ever heard of a musician's being passionately fond of B-flat."

A GREAT PRESTIGE ABUSED

Bear in mind that the seven statements quoted here are not from chatty articles in minor newspapers but from an elaborate 24-volume work published by one of America's greatest art institutions and widely advertised as a sound education in art. Nor are they isolated cases either — but a few from an innumerable number of others just as irresponsible.

However, their wrongness — though bad enough in itself — does less harm than the fact that those who take them seriously, when they find themselves completely unable to see what so supposedly great an authority tells them they ought to see, conclude that there is something wrong with themselves and that they will therefore never understand art. It's not so. Actually what's happened is that they have been made victims of an ancient superstition (that art is immortal) inherited from the witch doctor (or Salem) era and kept alive because certain influential insiders derive financial and social benefits therefrom.

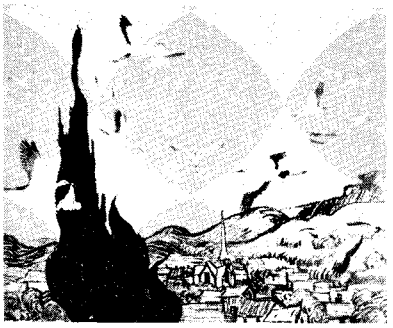
But perhaps most shocking of all is the spectacle of the academic world (presumably peopled by ardent advocates of *the careful statement made only after thorough scrutiny*) standing numbly by while these intellectual atrocities are enunciated, instead of denouncing them with the jeers and derision they deserve.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art

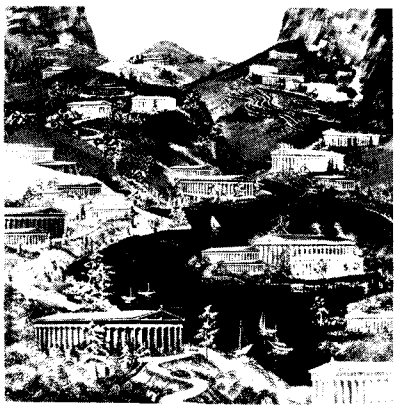
It's rational, tough-minded, grown-up — a life-saving escape route from the pompous rant you've been suffering from so long. Where else, for example, would you find a candid (and obviously true) statement such as that expressed in the famous Stork Cartoon? Where else would you find it even hinted that if the Parthenon were scattered broadside over the landscape it might no longer be hailed as an "immortal masterpiece" and actually become a bore? Practicalities such as these are ignored by the old-fashioned critic because they destroy his "wise-guy" pose. It becomes ridiculous.



The Stork Cartoon

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can under the circumstances. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date — namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but temporary Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Mumbo-Jumbo.



Too Many Parthenons!

As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen*, you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all.

Bellelli Family

7. "Superlatives are dangerous, but there is less danger than usual in describing The Bellelli Family as the finest psychological group portrait ever painted. The temperament of each of the four members is individualized for us, and, beyond that, their interrelationship is revealed . . . He (the father) is the only one of the family who is not completely revealed to us as a person. He has a life beyond this room; perhaps he leads a life more important to him than the life we are seeing here; he is an outsider. But this vagueness, incompleteness and isolation are reversed in the figure of the wife. She stands with dignity, decision and forbearance, dominating the room by her quietness. . . . She (the daughter at right) sits restlessly, one leg tucked up under her, as if impatient with sitting for her artist cousin, unable to remain still, the volatile member of the group."

A pipe-dream of this sort has about as much validity for the appraising of an art work as would something that came from reading tea-leaves. If a hundred sensible men could be persuaded (and it wouldn't be easy) to make the best guesses they could as to the "interrelationships" of the four members of this family, the chances that a single guess would even approximate the one here so confidently proclaimed would be negligible. If you wonder why the public remains so lamentably ignorant of art it's because preposterous nonsense like this is being dispensed to it as "education". A change is long overdue. Conjecturism provides it. It costs nothing to investigate. Just use free coupon.

Cash Option

If you prefer to pay in advance (with same return privilege) you may deduct postage charges.

On Ten Days Free Trial

Tradition-Smashing Pamphlets

Send no money; Only $1.00 for Both; if you decide to keep them

How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves, they can serve only as introduction to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading (on the same free-trial terms) we suggest the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

Authoritative Opinions

"HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART lets a lot of fresh air into the subject of art criticism — the nit wit babble of the avant garde has no relevance nor importance in understanding art and the book does a good job of deflating some of the pompous nonsense." George B. Keester, Chairman Fine Arts Dept., West Virginia Wesleyan College.

"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in 'Estimating Speeds of Tiring.' His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brief hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of satori. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

"PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies." — John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne University.

"What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu." — Conrad Aiken.

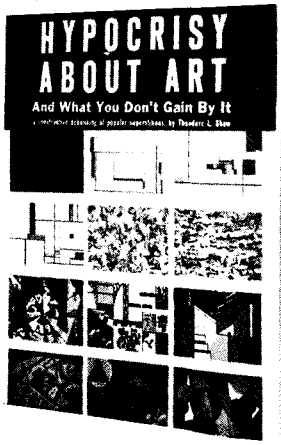
"Enjoyable — a much needed frontal attack." Dr. Lyle N. Perkins, Head Ceramics Dept., Rhode Island School of Design.

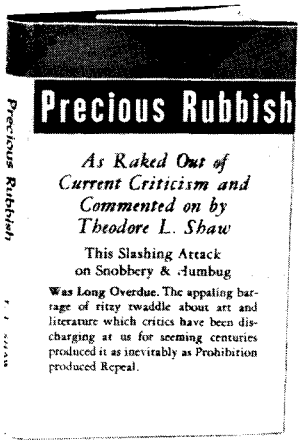
"Expresses to a T my every thought. I think it's great." — Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

"Seems to me to be a much-needed call to arms. Our regnant school of criticism is not merely misled but downright dishonest, in my opinion." — Rev. Louis F. Doyle, S.J., St. Louis Univ.

"Such a gleeful approach to ripping away the cobweb of words . . . behind which critics maintain their self-imposed importance." — John T. Maguire, Asst. Prof. of English, Univ. of Ill.

"I loved it — gave three critics one copy each — they loved it. Lost is he who hath no humor." — Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.




Precious Rubbish
As Raked Out of Current Criticism and Commented on by Theodore L. Shaw
This Slashing Attack on Snobbery & Jumbug
Was Long Overdue. The appalling barrage of ritzy twaddle about art and literature which critics have been discharging at us for seeming centuries produced it as inevitably as Prohibition produced Repeal.

Mail Coupon Now

STUART PUBLICATIONS, Dept. **NR9**
330 Beacon St. Boston, Mass. 02116

You may send me the two pamphlets on ten days' free trial. I will either return them for full credit or remit $1.00 plus 10c postage. You may *also* send me the books checked below on the free trial terms.

☐ HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, $4.95, plus 20c postage
☐ PRECIOUS RUBBISH, $1.25, plus 10c postage

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case I shall, like Kingsley, have become immortal. Who knows, then, but what my reaction to a single encyclical might have served a great end—Who knows?

But let those, like Mr. Kempton, who have spoken disdainfully of the fuss of three years ago as a tempest in a teapot kindly force themselves to recognize that the tempest was made not by NATIONAL REVIEW, whose liberty to do as we did in our secular journal was always manifest, and whose liberty to do as we did even with reference to strictly Catholic canons, is now irrefutably demonstrated by Mr. Garry Wills. The tempest was caused by the licentious reactions of one or two gentlemen ignorant of the nature of Catholic liberty. As I say, perhaps their ignorance was also a part of a Divine plan.

Mr. Kempton's endearing essay does of course force the mind to recognize that the division continues between those who believe that love conquers all, and those who believe that any such belief is a profanation of the single truth, that His love conquers all. If the great Roncalli could not by love conquer the mousy little Adzhubei, it is not likely that such love as can permeate the love-filters that surround the Iron Curtain, will shake the resolution of men given to the heresy that love is an opiate, against which one takes daily doses of ideological antabuse. Miracles do occur, and we should all pray to St. Charles Borromeo for help in the conversion of the Communists. (Anybody who, like Mr. Kempton, believes that Borromeo lived during the seventeenth century, cannot doubt St. Charles's extraordinary powers.) But meanwhile we must, precisely, reason together, and having done so recognize that a part of the spirit of the Church which Mr. Kempton admires and patronizes is fortitude. And fortitude requires the identification of sin, at the expense of the feelings of the sinner. There were those in the first century who showed their love of mankind by forgiving the men who sent the Christians to their martyrdom, and others who expressed their love by trying to *save* the Christians from martyrdom. There are those today who express their love (as Mr. Kempton has done) by transcending the Cold War, addressing members of the Communist Party as "brothers," and remarking the resemblance of the face of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn to apple pie—and others who express their love by seeking to contain the evil Miss Flynn is quite capable of doing, and by recognizing that the only way to reach out a helping hand to some of the wretched of this earth is by extending a mailed fist at their oppressors. It is up to God to say who loved better; I do not doubt that the wretched behind the Iron Curtain have highly opinionated views on the matter.

And finally, I wish Mr. Kempton would not so matter-of-factly suggest that those of the different school of thought are *eo ipso* ignorant of the special quality of Angelo Roncalli. What was so arresting about the phenomenon of a world united for perhaps the first time in history in mourning the loss of Pope John is that no such unanimity met the death of Jesus Christ. Nor does such unanimity of opinion, after two thousand years of reflection, even now extend to the appreciation of Christ, who is still widely reviled, widely despised, universally profaned. The reasons why are complex, but one of them is that Christ, in harder accents than his recent steward, seemed to be calling for a life based largely upon definition, on a purposive discrimination between good and evil; whereas the Pope, although of course in thought, word, and deed an obedient servant of the definitional structure of Christianity, dramatized a very different quality, an ecumenism so lofty that from its high position the particularities of every individual sinner were lost, the distinctive shadows of his profile gone. And so, although the Pope could loathe evil, evil, under his reign, appeared to be a disembodied thing, the kind of thing all of us could join together in loathing with the confidence that we were never being asked to loathe something about ourselves.

The preceding few sentences are not a hasty afterthought, a maneuver to defend myself against Mr. Kempton's insinuations here. I wrote and published them on the occasion of Pope John's death, on the first anniversary of which I take the occasion to love Mr. Kempton by ardently desiring for him the intellectual grace to distinguish between merely preaching love, which the collaborators can do, and doing the truth with love, which is the work of the abolitionists, whose eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Speaking Up . . .

William A. Rusher has already had three separate civilian careers. He has been a practicing attorney in Wall Street's largest law firm, Associate Counsel to the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, publisher since 1957 of National Review and in the last year or so, one of the many people involved in the nomination of Senator Goldwater for President of the United States.

Mr. Rusher will accept invitations now to lecture and debate around the country this Fall.

Your university or club can also write for openings in the Fall schedules of our other speakers: Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of National Review and editor of *What is Conservatism?*; Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist and author of *The Winning Side;* L. Brent Bozell, attorney, lecturer and author; Russell Kirk, professor of politics, syndicated columnist and author of forthcoming *Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman;* Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author; Dr. Thomas Molnar, lecturer and author of *The Failure of the Counter-revolution;* Ernest van den Haag, eminent psychoanalyst and professor of social philosophy; Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, linguist and author; William F. Rickenbacker, senior editor of National Review.

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
528 Southside Road
Virgina Beach, Virginia

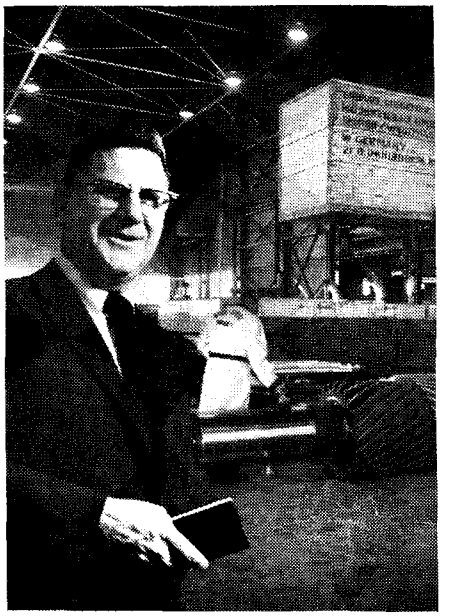
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE: *A Communist Blueprint for Victory*, by Richard V. Allen (American Bar Association, $1). There is more common sense, understanding of Communism, and plain downright erudition in this little paperback than in a shelf of the books on Communism, learned and popular, that fill the bookstores these days. Richard Allen has combed the voluminous statements of the Soviet leaders themselves to prove to the hilt the true meaning of Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence"—that it is no more nor less than a tactic designed to confuse and disarm us preparatory to overcoming us. He has done a magnificent job of presenting the essence of contemporary Communist strategy in brief compass; and the American Bar Association is to be congratulated for commissioning him to prepare this work. F. S. MEYER

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, edited by Lawrance Thompson (Holt, $10.00). A well-made workbook for a poet's life. Thompson, Frost's authorized biographer, has printed 566 letters to present a rich description without a full definition, suggesting that questions about Frost have today at least as much validity as answers. In letters dated from 1873 to 1963, Frost reveals a toughness familiar in his poetry: the Yankee insistence upon paying one's respects to the hardness of the world, heightened by a classical acceptance of a world in which there is at least so much good that it admits of form and the making of form. There is another kind of toughness too; even in his more personal correspondence the iron of the public man was strong in Frost. His approach to his friends moves between bluntness and subtlety, the change always ambiguous with irony. His instinctive reticences are cracked to display only studied revelations, confidences carefully calculated for their effect upon critics and reviewers. The private Frost comes more and more to resemble the self-built public Frost: the cheeky stone-thrower, the naughtily uncollective and uncollected child, the pastoral pronouncer hymning rawness and crudity. But readers seeking a sample stay against the smallness that is so much a part of Frost's humanity can find it in his letter to the widow of Edward Thomas where his virtues are gentle and grand and his grace and sense of loss achingly pure. The editing throughout is excellent. R. BEMIS

I REDISCOVER RUSSIA: 1924-1964, by Isaac Don Levine (Duell, $4.95). The eleventh book of this now legendary anti-Communist is a highly relevant and fascinating journal-*cum*-history of a trip through the Soviet Union in 1963. Levine—a Sovietologist both knowledgeable and wise, who has known intimately the principals of Soviet Communism (including Lenin and his lieutenants, and Gorky) and the endless stream of Russian émigrés — gives a disappointingly lopsided account of "the state of Russia today" because of his lack of analysis of the salient feature of today's Soviet Communism: its fusion of monolithic ideology with the dominant characteristics of the Russian people: the *combining* of the unreal (utopian Marxism, with its Leninist revolutionary program) with the real (people: a fixed, historical, environmentally influenced factor) in a new, albeit somewhat synthetic but nevertheless dynamic, culture. Levine's focus is nearly always on the Russian people and not on their hidden ideological shackles (I felt throughout the book that he too often accepted propaganda at face value). Yet, one must not overlook the residual Russian culture, the non-ideological drives, frustrations, and hopes of the people of the nation with whom we are at war. For it is from a knowledge of this human potential that we can both forge a sensible policy of liberation and plan a more peaceful future. We have as a guide for this venture Douglas MacArthur's rehabilitation of Japan, and when Russia's day comes, we will need only turn to the wise and monumental writings of Mr. Levine to know her "anguished, gifted people, who for fifty years have known nothing but grief and privation." J. G. CAMPAIGNE JR.



"Why the world-wide demand for TSP hardened products?"

Sanford M. Brooks, President, The Tool Steel Gear & Pinion Co.

Long wear—TSP products have lasted 30 times longer than ordinary parts in the same service.

Great strength—TSP products can transmit over twice the power of an ordinary part the same size.

Compactness — TSP products can handle the same work load as an ordinary part that's much larger in size.

Our exclusive "Tool Steel Process" heat treating and hardening methods give the wear areas of all our products a file hard surface to full depth of permissible wear (60-66 Rockwell C). Controlled production techniques and facilities guarantee uniform quality and performance. Continuing research programs in many areas constantly develop many new applications for TSP products that will reduce your part replacement and maintenance costs.

Our TSP products include all types of rolls, gears, pinions, sprockets, bushings, bevels, screwdown screws and nuts, trunnions, hoist drums and a host of miscellaneous parts. Write for our new series of six free booklets on reducing plant maintenance costs.

THE TOOL STEEL GEAR & PINION COMPANY

CINCINNATI / OHIO / USA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified advertisements

LITERARY

FREE LITERATURE—Get complete facts about the new CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB. Big discounts on conservative books. No obligation to buy anything not wanted. No dues, no commitments. Members receive free monthly Bulletin with news of conservative publishing. Write for free details: Conservative Book Club, Dept. NR-80, 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York.

UNUSUAL BOOKS at very remarkable discounts, up to 90%. Large exciting catalog, 10¢. JOHN REID, Box 68, Hackensack, New Jersey, 07602.

LOCATE any book. Best prices. Write to: Aardvarks, Box 1749-N Orlando, Florida 32802.

WHERE IS THAT BOOK? Don't fret — we can get any out-of-print books you need, and fast. Our Book-Lures hunt out all wanted book lore. We conduct a free world-wide search. Send your list immediately to: BOOK-LURES, P.O. Box 442F, Caldwell, New Jersey.

REAL ESTATE

PERFECT FOR THE HOUSE HUNTER, seeking a trouble-free home! Situated on 8½ acres, ¼ mile from village with lovely view and spring fed pond. This house has: living room with f/p, opening onto terrace, small dining room, complete modern kitchen, bedroom with bath-dressing room, powder room. On second floor: 2 bedrooms and bath. Outsized attached garage, unusual closets and storage space. Completed 8 years ago it is worth every penny of its $38,500 price tag. Write or Call, MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. 203 WA 7-3117.

A NEW CONCEPTION — The key to our success is dedicated, sincere, capable employees. Older retired guests at our Lodge in Southern California enjoy complete luxury living. Moderate monthly rent covers every need. FREE detailed brochure —Monte Vista Lodge, 2211 Massachusetts Ave., Lemon Grove, California. Please mention National Review.

MOTEL—5 furnished units & heater room. Also 8 room manor house and bath. Good for large family. Approximately one acre frontage on 2 highways directly across state highway from boys college, Bucks county, Pa. Excellent spot for restaurant or luncheonette. $29,000. Write Box 135, NR.

CHOICE LAND INVESTMENTS in the growing state of Arizona, including prime locations near city of Phoenix. METROPOLITAN REALTY INVESTMENT CO., Phoenix Title & Trust Bldg., Phoenix, Arizona.

17 ROOM NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL, built in 1785. Completely remodeled. 650 acres with 25-acre stocked, private, fishing lake. Situated in Northwest Connecticut 45 minutes from local airport and 3 hours from New York City. Shown by appointment only. Write for brochure: FRANCIS X. COLE, REALTOR, area code 203 OR 2-6606 or EN 4-5455, Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

WATERFRONT HOME with twenty-seven acres, large part woodland. Downstairs bedroom, bath, two bedrooms/bath 2nd floor. Excellent condition throughout. All conveniences, perfect kitchen, living room, fireplace. 2 car garage. Large list of all type homes. MABEL BILLUPS, Broker, Mathews, Va.

DO YOU HAVE AN INTEREST IN FLORIDA REAL ESTATE? OR PROBLEMS? We would like to help you. SAM B. WADE, Associate, H.V. DALLY, Inc. Realtors, 1209 East Atlantic Ave., Delray Beach, Fla.

JOBS AND JOB HUNTERS

WANTED, TYPIST AND RECORD TRANSCRIBER to work one-half day Monday through Friday at editorial offices of NATIONAL REVIEW. Apply: Mrs. G. E. Vogt, OR 9-7330.

FORMER AIR ATTACHÉ, age 34, seeking employment with large Travel agency or international Hotel chain. Have traveled extensively. Currently residing in Greece but willing to relocate. Speak excellent Greek plus several Slavic languages. Also French, German and Italian. Salary $300-500 per month. Further information on request. Write Box 160, NR.

WE TYPE, Theses, Reports, Manuscripts. Rapid, efficient service; 50¢ per double-spaced page. TYPING SERVICE, Box 13072, Houston 19, Texas.

YOUNG CONSERVATIVE REPORTER — Editorial writer, ad man seeks congenial job with future. Salary reasonable. Box 130, NR

LIBERAL ARTS STUDENT seeks information concerning scholarship or loan to complete last year. Write Box 125, NR.

PUBLIC RELATIONS work wanted with conservative firm by Harvard B.A., Columbia MBA. For resume write Box 117, NR.

INVESTMENTS

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300, Lex. and 41st St., NYC. Member of the New York Stock Exchange.

MOVING AND STORAGE

MOVE UP—with our expert packers and furniture handlers. For further information call THE WAVERLY CO., YU 9-1356, New York City.

RECORDINGS

FOUND, 24 recordings of the now famous YAF Rally in Madison Square Garden—1962. Vintage Goldwater, Bozell, Tower, Rusher, for your record collection. Include $4.00 payment with your order; make checks or money orders payable to Ultra Arts, Inc. Write: Dept. UA, National Review, 150 E. 35th St., New York 16, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

ROMAN NAILS. 2000 years old. Not reproductions. Free brochure. $4.50. Roman Nails, Box 104, Georgetown, Conn.

BIG GAME HUNTING—hunt elk, deer and bear in Montana's finest hunting area with Skyline Outfitters, Route 2, Bozeman, Montana. 586-6467.

ARE YOU MISSING OUT ON IMPORTANT SAVINGS ON YOUR PHONE BILL? What's behind the N. Y. Telephone Co.'s "An Important Message" currently being enclosed in your monthly billing? Get the facts today. Send $1 for the brand new publication "21 WAYS TO SAVE ON YOUR PHONE BILL." American Telephone Consumers Council, 1133-K Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10001.

FOR THE FIRST TIME — Freedom Documents printed in 4/c parchment. 15 x 20. Declaration of Independence, Bill of Rights, Gettysburg Address — single copy $1 — any 5 $4. Money-back guarantee. Write to: CANADIAN-AMERICAN, Box 1189, Topeka, Kansas.

KNOW ANYONE who might be interested in subscribing to National Review? Send us his name and complete address. NR is trying to build up its prospect list. Any likely names—of friends, co-workers, local leaders, etc.—that you can send us will be greatly appreciated. Thank you! Send list to: Ed Capano, List Manager National Review, 150 E. 35th St., New York 16, New York.

CONSERVATIVES ARE INVITED to join Public Action. A service for conservatives that 1) notifies you of bills before Congress that will affect our form of government; 2) notifies you when concerted action will be effective, and 3) informs you to whom to send your own message of protest or approval. For full information, free and without obligation, write today to PUBLIC ACTION, INC., 131 E. 69th St., New York 21, N.Y.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds or subscriptions. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. National Review's Classified space is limited to one page. Since the page is filled, the Classified Department will in general assign priorities to advertisers in order of their acceptance, while at the same time striving to give our readers a reasonably balanced page of available products and services. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 794)

government *ultra vires* (beyond its proper or constitutional powers).' [p. 301.] In any case, I hardly think I oversimplified."

Madison, N. J. WILL HERBERG

Covering Bay Gulph

I have just finished reading Victor B. Miller's article, "The California Plan" in the August 25 issue.

Is this for real?

Indianapolis, Ind. JAMES P. MULLANE

In your account of civil rights preparation in Bay Gulph, California, you feature a Mr. Norman Threne, "a West Point graduate of 1917." The register of graduates and former cadets of the U. S. Military Academy lists "the name of every young man admitted a cadet to the U. S. Military Academy, and includes graduates and non-graduates." This register does not carry the name Threne as a graduate or non-graduate in the class of 1917 or any other class.

As a responsible publication I know you are interested in accuracy in your articles.

Sarasota, Fla. GEORGE KUMPE

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (September 8)

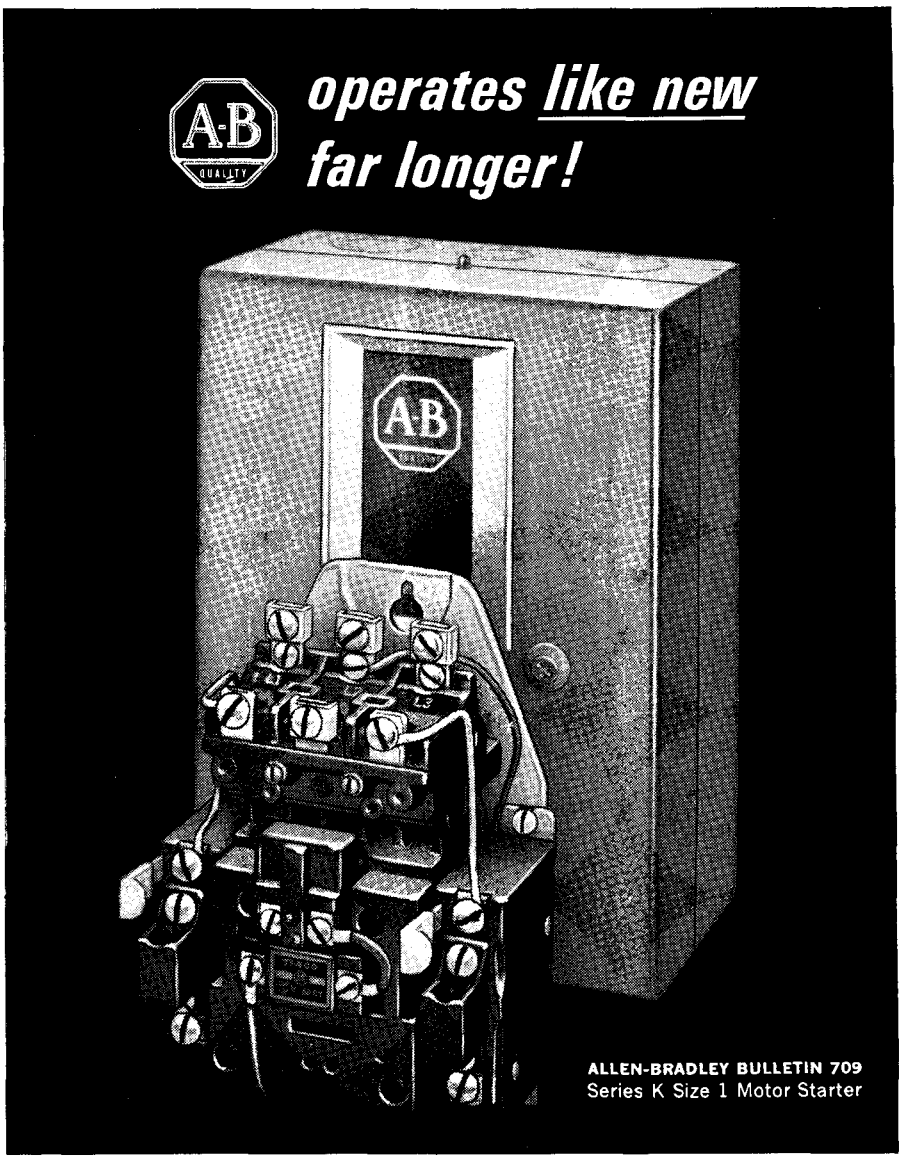
Abraham Lincoln
LETTER TO DUFF GREEN

The maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends.

Are any of the estates in Bay Gulph by any chance named the Hameau or the Trianons?

Audubon, N. J. PETER VENNEMA

Mr. Victor Miller's one-page article on "simulated integration" is shocking and disgusting. Surely Mr. Miller owes these Californians an apology for misrepresenting their doings. In the remote chance that this play-acting is authentic, these particular Californians must be neurotics whose



■ Perhaps your application doesn't require 10 million operations—one million might be enough. If you could buy it at a lower price, a one million operation starter might be "good enough." But, have you thought of this? At 500,000 operations, ½ the life of the inferior starter will have been used up. The A-B Series K starter—with its long, long life—would still be in its infancy. Its "life" would hardly have been touched. Continuous, trouble free operation would remain assured.

Yes, there *is* value for you in the long life of all A-B Series K control. It's not a "theory"—it is a very common experience.

Your local Allen-Bradley appointed distributor will be pleased to show you all the new Series K features—including the business-like beauty of the new NEMA 1 enclosures. Or please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thus my fundamental opposition to socialism is that, in spite of all its "liberal" phraseology it gives too little to man, his freedom, and his personality; and too much to society. Socialism (including the philosophy of the welfare state) lays first stress on the state and on society and not on the individual, on his responsibility and on his human dignity which is bound up with it. That is why it runs counter to the moral tradition which is based on the common patrimony of Christianity and humanism."

Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany)

POLY-PLATES — Made of Miracle Mylar* with permanent, Sub-Surface Metalized printing. Self-bonding.
QUIK-PLATES — Colorful Anodized Aluminum Nameplates with permanently etched printing.
BRADY-CALS — Pressure-Sensitive, superthin Vinyl or Mylar*. Top-Surface Printed. Low Cost.
LITHO-PLATES — Surface-Printed Bright Aluminum Nameplates. Self-Bonding.
*DUPONT'S REG. T.M.

Write for free testing samples and literature.

1914-1964 50th BRADY ANNIVERSARY

W. H. BRADY CO.
719 W. Glendale Avenue • Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. Est. 1914

childish symptoms take a particularly vicious form.

In fact, as a conservative laboring in the area of race relations (and NATIONAL REVIEW is my conservative text), I can hardly believe that this page isn't some awful mistake. I could understand it much better if I had found it in an ultra-Liberal journal.

Odessa, Fla. JANE ELLIGETT

Norman Threne, Mr. Miller tells us, is the only man who ever graduated from the Academy without having been admitted. That is why his name doesn't appear in the register on the list of "every young man admitted." Besides, he was pretty old at the time. Interested readers may locate Bay Gulph on a small-scale map of the Los Angeles region at Lat. 97° N., Long. 183° E. —ED.

Vicious Cyclists

I have just read your editorial about the new slogan, "Extremism in the defense of moderation is no vice" ("Voices of Moderation," August 11) and would like to add a few clarifying comments.

Your editorial leads one to believe that some opponents of Senator Goldwater are irresponsible hatemongers. I will admit that I also thought this was the case; especially when someone slashed the seat of my motorcycle within a week after I put a Goldwater sticker on it.

But these opponents of Goldwater can be most considerate. Last week when someone smeared paint on my sticker he didn't get *one* bit of it on my bike.

Brookline, Mass. PETER G. ANDERSON

Wrong on de Gaulle?

Have you ever considered that you may be underestimating Charles de Gaulle and misjudging some of his acts? For instance, his telegram to the son of the recently deceased French Communist leader, Maurice Thorez, may have had a subtlety that escaped *NR* [July 28].

You should have acknowledged that it might have a softening effect on borderline Communists and turn them, ever so slightly, back toward being better Frenchmen or at least less pink.

Los Angeles, Calif. THOMAS G. HAYES

Name one Communist defector to Gaullism. —ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

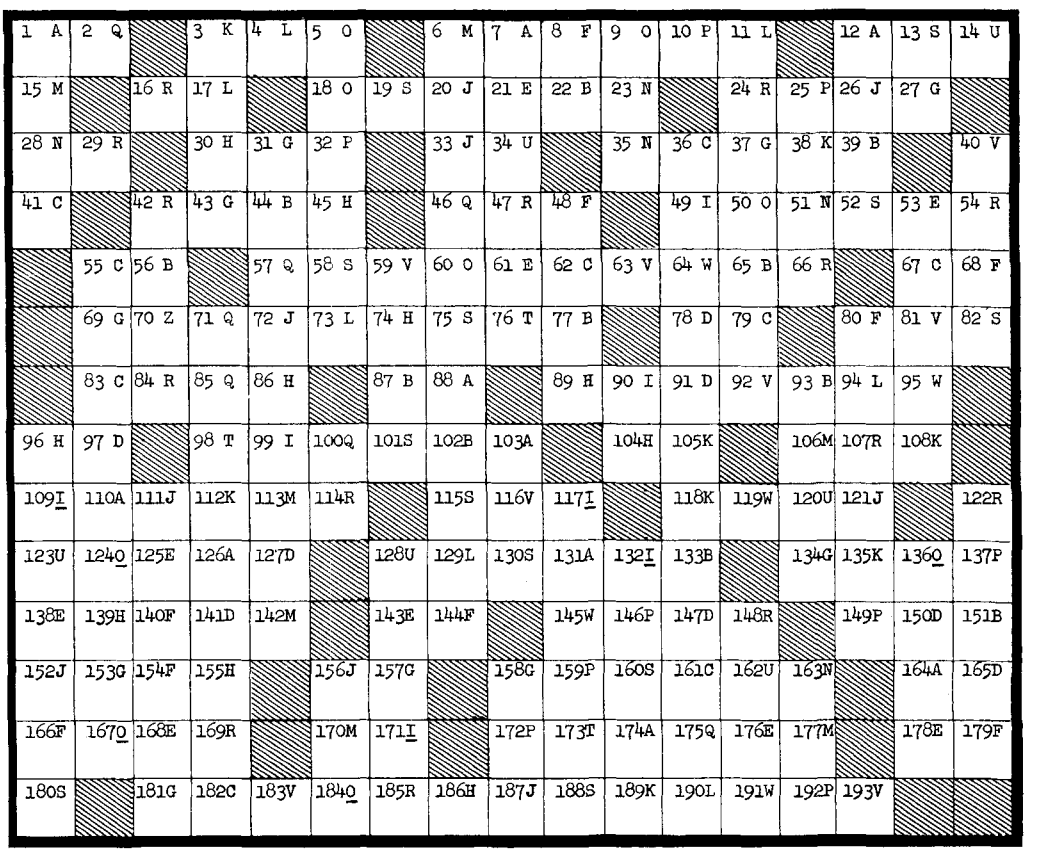
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. William F. Cody (2 wds.).	12 70 88 103 110 126 131 164 1 174 7
B. He gave away dimes and millions.	39 87 65 44 22 56 77 93 102 133 151
C. Number of women in U.S. (round figures).	62 55 161 182 36 41 67 79 83
D. Explosive Jacob's daughter may use.	127 91 97 141 147 150 78 165
E. A cavy (2 wds.).	53 125 143 168 176 178 138 21 61
F. Pitcher who has had few victories of late (2 wds.).	154 80 68 140 166 8 48 144 179
G. Fewer children but more adults believe in him (2 wds.).	69 31 37 27 43 181 153 158 134 157
H. There's no such branch in our Congress (2 wds.).	89 96 30 45 74 86 104 139 155 186
I. Derivation of name of race or tribe.	99 49 90 109 117 132 171
J. Pertaining to the sea.	111 187 33 20 26 121 72 156 152
K. Icelandic explorer.	118 3 38 108 105 112 135 189
L. Rapture.	129 73 190 94 4 11 17

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Point in Alaska.	142 113 170 6 15 106 177
N. One who steals.	163 35 28 51 23
O. Capable of being argued against.	167 136 184 124 5 9 18 50 60
P. Nickname of pitcher who won 16 in row.	32 149 25 137 146 159 172 192 10
Q. Dorcas.	2 46 71 175 85 100 57
R. Less than one might have said.	107 114 169 148 185 122 24 84 29 54 16 66 47 42
S. Book classification system (2 wds.).	180 188 115 13 82 52 19 130 75 160 101 58
T. Decline.	173 76 98
U. Town in Beltrami County, Minn.	34 14 128 120 162 123
V. Town in Glyn County, Ga.	40 116 92 59 183 63 81 193
W. Unclouded.	145 119 191 64 95

See page 837 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For The Record

Stamp of approval: the Fair Campaign Practices Committee (which doesn't always live up to its name) last week cleared Sen. Barry Goldwater of charges of "racism." "To date [the Senator] has done nothing to inflame the race issue," said the Committee, even though "exploitation [of it] might be to his advantage." . . . Unexpected backlash: Robert Kennedy reportedly has long way to go in winning support of New York's 1.5 million voting Italians because of his staging of the Valachi TV spectacular before a Senate committee a year ago. . . . Organized labor's main political purpose this year: to get 25 more pro-labor congressmen elected which is what Labor figures it needs to eliminate Section 14B from the Taft-Hartley Act. (14B allows individual states to enact right-to-work legislation). . . . In AFL-CIO COPE scoreboard (it rates congressmen "right" or "wrong" on votes having to do with labor issues) Hubert Humphrey is tops. He hasn't voted "wrong"—ever.

International newsmakers: Gen. Thimayya, UN topdog in Cyprus, is the Indian chief who reported in 1960, after personal inspection, that the Indian army was in effective control of the border area from "Ladakh to the Northeast Frontier" (it was only a year later, and from Peking press reports, that India found out the Chinese army had taken over large sections of Ladakh). . . . Christophe Gbenye, head of recently formed "National Liberation Government" of the Congo, was Lumumba follower, onetime interior minister in the Adoula cabinet, more recently associate of Red Chinese diplomats in Brazzaville. . . . H. A. R. Philby ("the third man"), British diplomat who tipped off Soviet spies Burgess and Maclean that the jig was up, now holds a job with Novosti—a Soviet feature syndicate—and reportedly makes five to six times more than the average Soviet newsman.

According to author J. Evetts Haley (A Texan Looks at Johnson), 7.5 million copies of his bitterly anti-LBJ book have been either bought or ordered. . . . Effectiveness of Johnson control over Congress demonstrated last week when Rep. James Roosevelt (D., Cal.) offered a substitute amendment to the Bolton Amendment ("Food for Peace" program) just 24 hours after signing a joint petition urging Congress to vote for it. The Bolton Amendment, which would have denied Egypt surplus wheat for aggression against Yemen, was opposed by the White House and the State Dept.

Ben Roth Agency

"That's right—I want nobody there but us Cypriots."

American Civil Liberties Union reports it has been turned down by State Department in its demand that Madame Nhu be permitted to visit U.S. on a lecture tour. . . . Lt. Le Van Tam, a Vietcong defector, confirms that North Vietnamese soldiers are fighting in South Vietnam. Tam says he commanded a company of 120 men, of whom the officers and noncoms were South Vietnamese but the ordinary soldiers North Vietnamese conscripts. . . . West German Ambassador Gunther Schlegelberges, who arrived in Saigon on August 19, has a problem: by the time he gets credentials made out in Bonn and sent to him to present to the "Chief of State," the Chief of State ain't.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT!

(Another money-saving shave cream offer from Schick!)

Just what the barber ordered—a shave cream with pH control made especially for stainless steel blades. Helps preserve the edges . . . and you get

40¢ OFF

when you buy it any of these 3 ways:

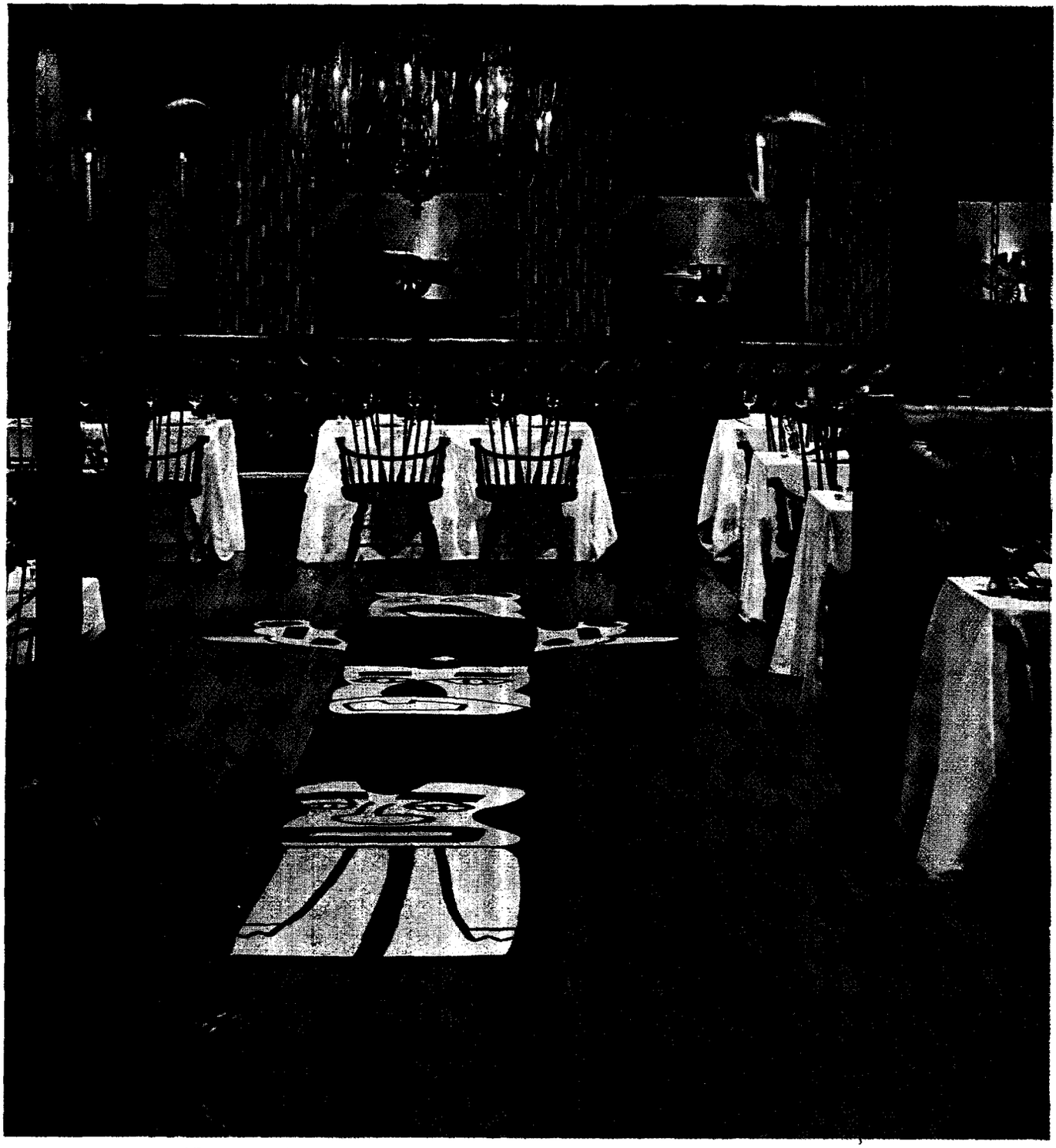
1 New Schick Shave Cream with Schick Stainless Steel Double Edge Blades. A $1.58 Value . . now only $1.18

2 New Schick Shave Cream with Schick Stainless Steel Injector Blades. A $1.79 Value . . . now only $1.39

3 New Schick Shave Cream with the new Schick Dial Injector Razor Kit and Blades. A $2.29 Value . . . now only $1.89

© 1964 BY SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Western-style floor—by Kentile! This steak house features a floor in new Kentile® Woodgrain® Solid Vinyl Planks. Shown: random shades of Birch. Totem Pole insert uses plain colors in Solid Vinyl Tile.

*Want a wood floor's beauty...with far less work? Use new Kentile Woodgrain Solid Vinyl Planks. No need ever to sand or refinish. Waxings last and last. And, because these are solid vinyl planks, they'll take years of heavy traffic. Grease-proof, too. Your Kentile Dealer? Look him up in the Yellow Pages.**

**Or consult your architect, builder, or interior designer. There's a Kentile Floor for every business, at every price. Over 250 colors in 5 types of tile.*

VINYL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED